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THE CAÑON OF THE COLORADO, AND THE MOQUIS PUEBLOS:

A WILD BOAT-RIDE THROUGH THE CAÑONS AND RAPIDS.—A VISIT TO THE SEVEN CITIES OF THE DESERT.—GLIMPSES OF MORMON LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

ON the evening of the 15th of September our boats glided into the far-famed waters of the Colorado.

This river is formed by the junction of the Green and Grand Rivers. It is, at its source, three hundred feet wide, and very deep. The cañons rise sixteen hundred feet on each side, the view from the top being very extensive and novel. As far as the sight can reach, a smooth, flat rock spreads out in every direction in unbroken monotony, save when, here and there, a butte or pinnacle looms up like some stern guardian of the stony waste. Many of these pinnacles are from three hundred to one thousand feet high, composed of the most exquisite party-colored sandstone, and cut and washed by the sandstorms into the most grotesque and

fantastic forms. On some portions of the plain they are grouped so as to present the appearance of a grove; others resemble ruined cities and castles in the distance, and still others are like the mammoths and

sauians of by-gone ages browsing quietly. Standing among these weird piles, we were reminded of Irving's "Ruins of the Alhambra," and a strange feeling, such as the prophet might have experienced, returning,

after a thousand years, to walk alone amid the desolated piles of Tyre and Sidon, and the cities of the plain, came over us.

Some parts of this tableland, being rent in great fissures, are extremely difficult to explore. Climbing up and down smooth rocks at an angle of 45° is a work for "tooth and nail," and it requires some little nerve to leap across a chasm six or eight feet wide, and so deep that the bottom is not discernible. Often we would stop and throw large boulders down. For several minutes we could hear them bound and rebound against the sides, then a dull thud would announce that they had struck bot-



GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO, LOOKING DOWN TWO THOUSAND FEET.

tom. A misstep in a place like this is not pleasant to contemplate. The major gave this rocky territory the name of "Sin-an-ten-weep"—God's Land—but it seemed no refuge for any of God's creatures—neither bird of the air nor beast of the field. Several miles back from the river we found a depression, in the form of a basin, half a mile in circumference, and surrounded by a forest of pinnacles.

On the 18th of September, having completed the exploration of the junction of the rivers, we again took to the boats, and run ten miles, and eleven dangerous rapids, in very short time. Among the boulders of the cañon we now found considerable limestone, and an occasional block of marble, of a rich brown hue. The walls kept lifting higher and higher until, at nightfall of the 22d, we found them towering above us twenty-three hundred feet in perpendicular line! The difficulties in navigating the river at this point may be inferred from the fact that we were one whole day in going three miles.

On the 26th we camped under an overhanging wall three thousand feet in height; and, discovering a beautiful gorge extending back into the mountain, determined to pursue it for a little way. A quarter of a mile from the river the gorge opened out into a little valley one-half mile in length, and an eighth of a mile across; and, at the end of this, contracted into a narrow cañon leading back to the Snowy Range. The valley was a little paradise, being watered by delicious springs, shaded by cotton-wood and box-elder, and carpeted with a gorgeous spread of green and flowers.

The next day we ran the worst rapid we had yet met. The difficulties were partly due to the rapid, and partly to the fact that the walls, rising perpendicular from the water's edge, prevented the use of ropes in letting down the boats. Care and skill carried us through, however; and, when "darkness fell from the wing of Night," we had fairly earned a rest. This was at first denied us; for scarcely were we encamped when a sand-storm came up, so violent that, for a few minutes, it seemed as if we were to find living graves. Fortunately, it soon passed over; and a full moon, rising clearly over the eastern crags, dispelled the grewsome shadows lurking in the cañon-walls, and transformed the rapid at our feet into a caldron of phosphorescent light.

A run of three miles, the next day, brought us through the cañon, and into Mill Crag Bend, near where we found signs of Moquis or Shinnis habitations. These habitations are caves, merely twelve feet wide by thirty feet deep, having entrances so small as almost to escape observation. Many years had evidently elapsed since their occupancy.

The next night we stopped at the mouth of a muddy stream—the Dirty Devil—the source of which is supposed to be a large lake, situated among some extinct volcanic mountains, thirty miles westward. The major determined to explore this stream thoroughly as soon as convenient, and the Cañonita was therefore hidden among the rocks, and left in readiness for the expedition.

We now entered Mound Cañon, so named

from the round-topped cliffs and mountains bordering it. The walls, which are also sandstone, are from six hundred to fifteen hundred feet high. No rapids were encountered; but many shoals, which, with our two heavily-laden boats, were nearly as bad. In this cañon we came across the remains of another Aztec city. The picture-writing upon the walls differed somewhat from that we had seen before, serpents here being prominent features of the representations. Broken pottery and arrow-heads were strewn around, and a *kiva*, or place of worship, especially attracted our attention. This seemed to have been made by digging a hole in the ground from ten to fifteen feet deep, which was walled up and covered over, leaving a small place at the top, through which an entry was made by means of a ladder. The *kiva* was used by the men—except in seasons of worship—as a kind of club-house, where they assembled to smoke, tell stories, and hold deliberations. At certain periods it was cleared of every thing unholy and unclean, and used by all as a place of worship.

The voyage for the next few days had little of interest beyond watching the changes of the scenery. The walls of the cañon continued vertical about twelve hundred high feet; but every few yards were beautiful grottoes, extending back into the heart of the mountain, the sides of which were fringed with flowers and ferns. The green foliage, in contrast with the bright yellow of the rocks, made a charming picture. On the 5th of October we passed the mouth of the San Juan. This is a tributary stream, about one-fifth the size of the Colorado, and comes in from the east.

Two miles below this junction we landed for dinner, near what is called the Musical Temple. This temple is a grotto extending five hundred feet into the mountain, with walls three hundred feet high, and so arched that the sky above seems a vein of blue glass running through the rock. The entrance is narrow, but within the diameter is at least two hundred and fifty feet. A pool of clear, cool water bubbles up, and forms a little rill, bordered with flowers and running vines, and near it a tiny, throne-shaped stone impresses a full-grown man with the awkwardness of having invaded Titania's bower. The reverberations of voice here are startling, and quite as wonderful as in some of the chambers of the Mammoth Cave. Every sound, even to the dropping of a small pebble, is echoed from every nook and cranny of the place, as if a fairy legion, headed by the mischievous Puck, mocked one's every movement.

At the Vado del Padre, or Old Ute Crossing, we were expecting to meet Jacob Hamblin, with supplies from Kanab, and, on the afternoon of the 7th, the sight of a white rag waving from a long pole on the right bank of the river, filled us with joy. We landed, and were met by Captain Dodd, and Messrs. G. W. Riley and John Bonnymer, who had come from the settlement with Hamblin, and been waiting for us about ten days. Here, again, we had the pleasure of reading letters and papers that had been months on the way. At this point the major left the party to go to Salt Lake City, while we were to proceed on our voyage

to the mouth of the Paria River, where we were to *caché* our boats preparatory to going into winter-quarters at Kanab. Just below camp we found a beautiful stream of clear, cold water, emptying into the muddy Colorado, and, following it up about half a mile through a narrow little cañon, we found its source at the head of a very beautiful grotto. It was very narrow, and with walls three hundred feet high, hung with festoons of moss and ferns. At the top the walls came within a few feet of meeting. Here, in the solid rock, we discovered two large and very deep basins of water, situated one above the other, and lined with a luxurious growth of ferns and moss.

Before leaving our camp here, nine Navajoes visited us as they were crossing the river on their way to the Utah settlement—on a thieving-raid, probably. They were very civil, having a wholesome respect for our Henry rifles and revolvers. The old chief insisted upon embracing each one in turn to prove the genuineness of his attachment. Their horses and donkeys were loaded with blankets, beautifully colored and decorated, which we understood were of their own manufacture. These blankets are water-proof, and are very much like the Mexican *serape*. As we were about leaving when the Navajoes arrived, we gave them plenty to eat, and pulled out into the river, leaving them in possession of the camp.

On the 16th, we came to Monument Cañon, where the walls are eight hundred feet high on either side, with an occasional butte or monument towering above to the height of two thousand feet, and where, on the 22d, we made our last run for the season.*

Here we concealed our two boats, and prepared to journey to our winter-quarters at Kanab, a distance of eighty-five miles southwest. It is of interest to state that the crossing here, at the confluence of the Paria and Colorado Rivers and the Vado del Padre, are the only places where any communication between the east and the west sides of the Green and Colorado Rivers is possible for a distance of five hundred miles. In former years, during the war between the Mormons and Navajoes, these passes were the Thermopyles of the West. Near the mouth of the Paria the Mormons kept a regular guard for several years, and an old fort is still standing upon a cliff overlooking the crossing.

While awaiting our train of mules, that were to convey us to Kanab, we were visited by Jacob Hamblin on his return from the Moquis towns, accompanied by Messrs. Haight, Adair, Mangrime, and nine Navajo Indians. We gave the Indians a good dinner, for which they repaid us with a regular war-dance and several characteristic songs. At dawn of the following day our friends departed.

The possibilities of starvation now began to dawn upon us, for we had but two more

* The following computation will give an idea of what the expedition had accomplished: Distance from Green-River Station, Union Pacific Railroad, to the mouth of the Paria River, 600 miles; number of cañons, 12; number of rapids, 400; portages, 17; kicking portages, 30; distance of cañons, 400 miles.

days' provision on hand, and no tidings of the train. Two days passed, and our condition became so serious that we were contemplating a foot-journey to Kanab, when, to our great relief, our friends Mr. Haight and Mr. Briggs rode into camp, with a few days' supply of flour and bacon. These welcome visitors brought us news that our pack-train, under charge of Riley, had left Kanab over two weeks before, and had not yet been heard from. As the country was little known, it was thought they had missed the trail, and were wandering among the mountains. Some days after this, when we had begun to despair of ever seeing the train, it arrived, having, after many wanderings, had the good fortune to strike the head-waters of the Paria, which it followed down to the camp.

On the 6th of November we began our journey inland, and found packing "bucking" mules more difficult than handling our boats in the worst rapids. After two days of hard traveling, through snow and sand to the knees, we arrived at our first halt, House-Rock Springs, completely fagged out. House-Rock Springs are situated on the left side of a valley bearing the same name, and extending to the Colorado sixty miles distant. At this point the valley is about ten miles wide, is quite fertile, and well timbered with dwarf pine and cedar. To the northwest lay the Buckskin Mountains, or Kibab Plateau, which extends nearly one hundred miles, and is in the form of a wedge, the wide end reaching to the Colorado. Over this the trail passes at an elevation of one thousand feet. Leaving some of the party here to await the arrival of the major with the supplies from Salt Lake, we again pushed ahead through snow and sand over the Buckskin Mountains, and on the 13th of November arrived at Kanab, once more within the confines of civilization.

CHAPTER IV.

THE town of Kanab is a Mormon settlement, containing about forty families, and numbering three hundred souls. At the time of our visit it was one year old, and was in a thriving condition. The dwellings are generally made of logs, although a few of the more pretentious are of *adobes*—that is, bricks dried in the sun. The village is surrounded on three sides—north, east, and west—by the Vermilion Mountains. At the south is a valley extending to the Kanab Mountains, twenty miles distant.

The night of our arrival we were invited, as distinguished Eastern lions, to a dance, where we had the pleasure of "tripping the light fantastic toe" with several of the Mormon belles. The inhabitants, though poor and simple in their habits, are friendly and open-hearted, and we promised ourselves a delightful winter among them. The day after the dance, two of our Navajo friends of the Paria Crossing paid us a visit. Upon being told that the major and I intended making them a visit, they manifested their pleasure by the hospitable assurance that they would "feed 'ee 'till 'ee bust, ugh!"

Two weeks after our arrival at this place came the great Mormon leader, Brigham

Young, on his regular annual visit to the settlement. He was accompanied by only one of his wives. In his suite were Bishop Snow and the favorite bishopess, George A. Smith and one wife, with an escort of five men. The evening following their arrival a meeting was held in the school-house, where Elders Smith and Snow addressed the audience upon the subject of "Utah: her People, Religion, and Habits." We were disappointed in not hearing the great prophet, who was so exhausted by the fatigue of travel as not to be able to appear. The closely-packed house was lighted by flickering tallow-dips, suspended from the rafters; and adding not a little to the primitive wildness of the place were the settlers' arms—the Henry rifle, old-fashioned Kentucky "long-range," and "queen's arm," all ready for instant use in case of an attack from hostile Indians. This, with the loop-holed walls, made one feel, in very truth, that he was in a new country, and among the hardy pioneers of a peculiar civilization. Shutting the senses to the strange doctrines propounded by the speaker, it was easy to roll backward the wheel of time to a Sabbath in New England, when Miles Standish and the mysterious Puritans came forth from their "meeting-house and put to flight the warriors of King Philip." After service we were invited to the bishop's house, where Mr. Young was stopping, and passed the rest of the evening in unembarrassed sociality. President Brigham is a person of singular presence, and impresses one with the idea of a solution of oil and iron. He manifested great interest in our expedition, and tendered us the free use of the telegraph to Salt-Lake City. The following morning the distinguished party started upon their return to St. George, a distance of eighty miles southwest from Kanab.

It will be remembered that Major Powell left the expedition at the Vado del Padre, for the purpose of going to Salt Lake for supplies. On the 1st of December he returned with his wife, who had met him there. With several others, he established his camp six miles south of Kanab, where the greater portion of the winter was passed making topographical surveys, locating latitudes and longitudes, and contributing not a little social brilliancy to our "season in town." As may be inferred, Kanab is quite a resort of the "ton," during the winter. Hunters, miners, trappers, and such other floating population as ourselves, driven from their work by the inclement weather, flock in from the mountains and outlying country, and speed the flying hours with music, mirth, and general frontier dissipation.

Dancing being, as we have stated, a part of the Mormon religion, it was indulged in frequently. One of the most singular features of a Mormon dance to an Eastern man is, that it is opened and closed with a long and fervent prayer by one of the elders. But, while it would seem the acme of absurdity to see a roomful of New-York belles and beaux falling on their knees in the full feather of evening toilets, here, after the first shock, it comes in quite naturally, and at least gives consistency to dancing as a religious practice.

Never did I receive stronger proof that "Superstition is the twin-brother of Igno-

rance" than in the attempt to get pictures of the miserable Utes that make their headquarters at Kanab. We explained to them that their photographs were wanted at Washington, but they retorted that "Washington no makee us good!" Hamblin assured them that this was because "Washington" had never seen them, and that it was for their interest to send their faces on, that "he" might see whether or not they were good Indians. Here they met us with another and staggering objection: "He no likee face; he wipe out—kill—ugh!" By a judicious use of tobacco and trumpery, however, we gradually overcame this bit of logic, and finally the "council of medicine-men" permitted us to get a single fac-simile of one of the noble Pah-Utes, in his characteristic dress of rabbit-skins and squalor.

January 1, 1872.—The New Year came in like a roaring lion, with storm and cold. In the evening a ball was given, and both storm and cold were soon forgotten in the excitement of the dance. Just as the festivities were at their height, Major Powell joined the party, adding dignity and jollity to the occasion. The major and his companions had just returned from a trip down Kanab Wash. They had followed the wash until it entered the Buckskin Mountains, at which point a deep cañon is formed, which enters the Colorado River at the Marble Cañon. The object of this trip was to open a route by which supplies might be sent to the boats on their downward trip the coming summer; and, as the wash had been hitherto unexplored, and one of the party, who considered himself an expert, claimed to have discovered gold in paying quantities within the distance of the eight miles they had traversed,* the new-comers became at once the stars of the evening.

One of the luxuries of life indulged in with godly pride in the Mormon settlements is the rearing of children, and these pledges of perpetuity are excluded from no public gathering. Shortly after the entrance of the prospecting party, in a turn of the dance I came upon one of our friends, engaged in animated conversation with two wives—not his own—one on either side, and one bearing triumphantly in her arms twin children, while the other gave maternal succor to a bouncing nine-months'-older. Although the eloquent captive heroically and impartially bestowed his smiles and courtesies, yet that very ball came so near to wrecking the domestic happiness of a man who had hitherto been content to be "the husband of one wife," that he has never been able to see the joke, and I consequently withhold names in telling the story.

Mrs. X—(X—for the sake of euphony) had been for some time ill, and one morning the strapping Mormon woman who attended her approached the bed, evidently with "something on her mind." After shifting her weight uneasily from one foot to the other for some minutes, she plunged directly through her

* It was not long after this supposed discovery that all Utah became excited about the Colorado placer-diggings, and at least five hundred miners must have visited the Colorado River, by way of Kanab Cañon, in the spring of 1872.

embarrassment into the merits of the case, with a bluntness trying to the nerves of any monogamatic invalid. "Would you have any objection to my being sealed to Mr. X—?" she asked.

"Sealed to Mr. X—!" echoed the lady, quivering with astonishment and indignation. "Why, you have a husband now, and I am Mr. X—'s wife."

"That don't make no matter. I've got considerable influence with the elders. I kin git a release from my present husband for ten dollars, and I don't mind about you. You're such a puny little body you won't live long anyhow!"

"Perhaps you will allow me to consult my husband before giving consent. The arrangement might not meet his approval," suggested Mrs. X—, with a quiet sarcasm that was thrown away upon the buxom Mormon, and misled her into the happy belief that the lady was "goin' to take it easy."

"Oh, la, now, you needn't wait for that, 'cause I know he'll like it. You see you're delicate and no account to work, and I am healthy and strong. You don't have no children, and look at them boys of mine! Oh, I know he'll like it. Men always want to raise a family!" answered the petitioner, reassuringly. Insisting upon time to consider, Mrs. X— dismissed the ambitious candidate for polygamous succession, and waited, in a state of mind that may be imagined, for her husband's return.

What poor X— suffered at this interview doth not appear in the chronicle, nor by what force of eloquence he persuaded his outraged lady that he was the victim of his own fascinations, and had never given that "Mormon hussy" the shadow of an encouragement to make her "shameless proposition," but it was generally noticed that X— all at once became the meekest and most devoted of Benedicts, and that Mrs. X—, regaining her health with marvelous rapidity, was the gayest of the gay at the leap-year ball given in our honor by the fair citizens of Kanab, and was furthermore, by her own confession, the most devout woman for a whole week, after getting her husband safe and *unsealed* out of Mormonism, that the world has ever known.

The week following our leap-year ball was spent by the major in holding a council with the Indians, learning their language, and writing their history and traditions.

The Navajoes having, in the course of time, discovered that, although their pictures had been taken, they still lived, came into town for some more "paper faces." Alert for a good time, a messenger was sent out to camp for our friends, who came in, and the evening was spent in singing, and dancing war-dances, in which the ladies took part with more evident enjoyment than the Indians themselves.

Early in February Major Powell left for Washington by the way of Salt Lake. The object of his journey was to procure additional appropriations from Government—in which he was successful—for the continuation of the survey. It was therefore apparent that several months must elapse before the expedition again moved. I with regret

severed my connection with an undertaking that had my warmest sympathy, and, having heard reports of the magnificent scenery in the Kanab Cañon, resolved to see some of the wonders of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado by land as well as water, and also to do some photographing on my own account. To carry this scheme through, a pack-train was necessary, and the nearest point where this could be obtained was Salt Lake. From Torquerville a regular stage ran to Salt Lake, and on the 5th of February I left Kanab for the former place in an open wagon. Keeping the Vermilion cliffs on our right, we traveled in a westerly direction along a barren and desert valley, and, passing through Pipe Spring and Cedar Ridge, reached the Sheep-Trough, twelve miles from Torquerville, on the evening of the 7th. Leaving this place early in the morning, a drive of four miles brought us to Gould's Ranch, where we began the ascent of Hurricane Hill. From the summit of this hill the view is simply grand. Elevated nearly four thousand feet above the plain, the whole region between the Uincaret Mountains, through which the Colorado cuts its way, on the south and east, and the snow-capped mountains on the north and west, lies spread out like a map—the varieties of hill and dale being lost in the almost perpendicular line of vision in which they were presented. Four miles distant lay the picturesque village of Torquerville, yet seeming directly under our feet. Descending the hill on the opposite side for nearly half a mile, we crossed the Rio Virgin, and entered the town about mid-day. That night I slept, for the first time for several months, in a really comfortable bed, which I quitted with the utmost reluctance next morning. Torquerville, a village of some fifty families about fifteen years settled, is laid out in broad streets bordered on each side by shade-trees, the roots of which are watered by streams of clear, cold water, brought from the mountains through a canal. The cultivation of grapes and other fruit is here made a specialty, and by irrigation the numerous orchards and vineyards are made very productive, and the place is already becoming known for an excellent brand of wine it produces. "Brother" Haight, whom, it will be remembered, met us at the Colorado with a much-needed supply of provisions, owns a choice vineyard and orchard, the latter containing many varieties of the peach, apricot, fig, orange, and other tropical fruits. The climate is warm and salubrious, the temperature at that season of the year being like that of St. Louis in May. The houses are generally built of *adobe*, and have a coating of plaster outside which gives them a glistening appearance when the sun strikes them, and, to the traveler, recall the picturesque little Canadian cottages on the banks of the St. Lawrence, between Montmorency and Quebec. As, entering the village, we passed one of these home-like cottages nestled amid vines and apricot-trees, I saw a smiling face at the window, and recognized Miss Rosa, daughter of Mr. Haight, whose acquaintance I made at Kanab. Our wagon had scarcely stopped before the door of the little village hotel, ere "Brother" Haight came up, and, insisting upon our mak-

ing his house our home during our stay in town, carried us off to the little house amid the trees, where we were introduced to one of his three families. The Torquerville Mrs. Haight—for there is only one in this town—is an amiable English lady, and has a family of eight children, all so bright and interesting that the fact of our friend's having two more families extant seemed almost monstrous. St. George, a town of five thousand inhabitants, situated in the valley of the Rio Virgin, and thirty miles in a southwesterly direction, has a few of the characteristics of Torquerville.

All journeys have an end, and, after four days and a half hard travel, we arrived at the "City of the Saints," three hundred and fifty miles from Torquerville. Here I remained three weeks, at the end of which time, having procured a span of horses, a wagon, and a complete photographic outfit, I bade farewell to the major and Mrs. Powell, who were soon to start for the East, and set out on my return-trip to Kanab. For the first two weeks of the journey snow fell every night, thawing during the day. At Stewart's ranch we were weather-bound two days and nights, and in the vicinity of Round Valley we overtook heavily-loaded freight-trains bound for Pioche anchored deep in mud, having been in that predicament six weeks, and from appearances fastened for as many more. Torquerville, where we arrived on the 26th of March, seemed a garden of Eden in full blossom, by comparison with the snow and general discomfort through which we had been journeying.

E. O. BEAMAN.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

OUR FRIEND SULLIVAN.

BY ALBERT FALVEY WEBSTER.

II.

I WAS awakened at eight o'clock on the following morning by a violent shaking of my bed. I opened my eyes, and beheld Sullivan standing at its foot, lifting that end up and lowering it again, just as my best discomfort required. He was fully dressed, and was in great spirits. He showed no traces of yesterday's adventures save a slight discoloration of one of his eyes, and a strip of court-plaster upon the left side of his neck.

Before I could ask him any questions he was off to awaken the other sluggards, which he did with an old steel shield and a cavalry sabre. He made such a hideous noise that they both leaped out of their beds and attacked him with a shower of missiles, that ceased only when there was nothing else to throw.

They then promised to dress themselves.

Mayer had returned at three in the morning, and found Sullivan smoking in his own room. Up to that time he had not seen him since he ran away from us on the terrace the night before.

We breakfasted with Sullivan, and demanded the news. He replied by dancing a *pas seul* upon the hearth-rug, meanwhile snapping his fingers loudly like castanets.

We looked significantly at one another. We had depended upon seeing him become dejected as the events of the day before were alluded to.

On the contrary, however, he was full of elation. Therefore, it was fair to presume that he was deeper in the toils than ever.

With great delight he declared he now knew where Seibel lived (it was the first time that he had used the name); that she was not married, or even engaged to be married.

"Are you any the happier for that?" asked Creswell, sharply, and at the same time fixing his eyes upon the speaker.

"Yes!" cried Sullivan, with emphasis, while a flood of blood rushed into his neck and face; "I am the happier for that!"

With this answer began the battle. His wit and genius at once lost their old effect upon us.

"Sullivan," said Mayer, rising and throwing down his napkin in a ball, "you are playing with a dangerous sort of fire; a fire that will stick to you, and which you can't wash or shake off; a sort of Greek fire that will cling to you until it burns you up."

No doubt Creswell and I looked an echo. Sullivan thrust his hands into his pockets and gazed at us one after the other, with great attention.

He never looked more handsome than he did at that moment. His bright face was sensitized like a photographic plate, and there played upon it the subtle influences of our disesteem, until it became dark with the wretched reflection.

He regarded us thus for a full minute.

Creswell nervously made crosses in his salt with his knife, Mayer looked askance at the sky through the narrow window, and I kept my eyes upon our criminal. He seemed to be studying the situation.

Finally he said in a buoyant tone: "I must admit that that is a speech I did not expect to hear from either of you. I think it is hasty and ill-considered, and I shall therefore make no reply to it. It has always been a principle with me, when I have found that my acts and other people's tongues are at variance, to go on with the acts in the way that pleases me most, and in almost all cases the tongues have wagged in my favor in the end. In this matter I might now make a long explanation, but as your doubts and fears would instantly begin to grow again, I think it best to wait until your bad opinions and my bad behavior come to their worst. When you know exactly how much you do and can hate me, and when I have performed my most damning deeds, then you may expect me to open my lips. Until that time, let us be friends. The Girondists sang and supped in the presence of death—suppose we breakfast over our little volcano! Mayer, more omelette—Creswell, may I trouble you to provide your black-looking *vis-à-vis* with some warm coffee?"

"His cup bath froze!" the touchy air."

There was nothing more to be said.

He would listen to nothing. He sent for the morning papers, and read us the financial articles, and then with an aptness and a

plausibility that attracted us in spite of ourselves, predicted a rise in stocks, and a general feeling of buoyancy in the street. Such speculations were favorite employments of his, inasmuch as his ingenuity and knack for theorizing enabled him to build up the most fair hypotheses, which, though often based upon nothing, would grow to seem so faultless as he elaborated them that he frequently acted upon them himself, and I believe with a very fair proportion of success.

After he had convinced us and himself that there was no other course open to the market than to rise, he declared his intention of "going long" of something or other, and he seemed so absorbed in the idea that we again began to take hope that his Seibel was not after all the indisputable mistress of his soul.

At ten we separated for the day.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, Guzman, a broker on the street, came into my office, and was about to take me aside to speak privately, when Sullivan, very much flushed, but with a smile in his face, bolted in upon us.

"Ha-ha, Guzman! Come to ask about me, eh?—Well, all right! That's business, I suppose. Fact is, P—, Central has acted like a fool, and has gone down, and is as weak as grass. I believe that it will pick up before the board closes, but if it doesn't pass my buying point, I want Guzman to carry me over till to-morrow. He's got a good margin now, but if the market keeps on with its tantrums he may want more.—Isn't that it, Guzman?"

"Yes," said Guzman, "that's it."

"And you'd like to have me keep him supplied with money as he wants it?" I asked.

"Yes, if you please."

"Certainly. But why don't you stay to look after the matter yourself?"

"That's what I say," added Guzman. "The board closes at three o'clock, and I should not wish to leave two hundred shares kicking about, especially if I were a—"

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Sullivan, impatiently.

"That's silly, Guzman. I can't stay, and therefore I can't. If you'll only remain honest until this time to-morrow I shall be safe enough."

Guzman went away laughing, and quite satisfied.

I suspected what Sullivan's engagement was, but, in spite of my efforts to be assured from his own lips, he succeeded in keeping his secret. I saw him call a carriage, and ride off up-town, with his hat tipped upon the back of his head, and his feet upon the seat in front. There are circumstances under which all men become rowdyish. I did not hear from him again until dinner-time.

Creswell said that he met him coming out of Ball and Black's with a necklace-case in his hand. Sullivan showed him the necklace. It was of turquoise and was very beautiful.

"There is but one color of woman," added Creswell, with a trace of bitterness in his voice, "that can wear turquoise to advantage, and we all have seen one of that color."

Sullivan did not return until twelve o'clock at night. We heard him as he came singing

through the halls, and we turned out all the lights and crept to our rooms like school-boys. We dreaded to see him.

Upon his table was a telegram that had come that evening. We heard him tear the envelope open, and, after a second, which he he occupied in reading the message, he exclaimed, "Oh, the deuce!" and then sat heavily down in an easy-chair that commonly stood beside the table. He did not go to bed until an hour later.

Early in the morning, I heard him calling into the street for a newspaper. A little while after, he appeared at my door with the sheet crumpled up in his right hand.

He was pale, and quite nervous. There were dark circles about his eyes, and his head was slightly inclined.

He laughed as he referred to the state of the stock-market.

"Weak, friend P—, weak. I suppose I shall have to sell out at a three or four per cent. loss. It's life-blood too. I'd a little rather not lose it just now, but I suppose there's no help for it. Guzman hasn't got a soul above his commission, and he'd as soon—but what's the use? Ar'n't Creswell and Mayer out of their burrows yet? No? Well, well, well!"

He turned about and walked away, talking to himself. The drug he was taking was beginning to tell.

At breakfast he suddenly cried:

"Look here, mates, you know my cousin, Will Barnett?"

"Yes."

"Well, they brought him home from Panama yesterday. He's dead."

"Dead!"

"Yes, happy man. He's to be buried to-morrow from — church, and I can't go to the funeral. I've got an engagement" (we stared at him. He rushed on hastily): "That sounds rough, I know, but it can't be helped. They sent me a telegram, and I suppose my family will be down here in cohorts this morning to make sure of my presence. No use, no use. Can't be plagued with these matters! All hypocrisy! Can't weep myself, though Will was a good fellow, and it disturbs me to see others weep. Therefore I'll keep my tryst elsewhere. Don't know any thing about it. Telegram not received. Mis-laid somewhere. Got into the waste-basket. Servants—"

"By keeping your tryst," said Mayer, bluntly, "I suppose you mean nothing less than going to Wolffin's Ledge to see your German girl. Eh?"

"Or, rather, to put it as I would put it," instantly rejoined Sullivan, with a distinct hardness in his voice, and with a defiant elevation of his head, "I am going where my heart leads me, and am not going where wretched form and custom would have me. One cannot travel out of himself to become a black mute at a ceremony, while his soul is running over with secret joy; one cannot draw down his face and force tears from his eyes while he is inwardly laughing and singing. I tell you that I even hate all this. I hate such an atmosphere" (he struck his hand upon the table, and continued to do so at each sentence). "I resent your criti-

cism of me and my acts! I resent your opposition to me! I resent your tone toward Seibel when you call her the 'German girl!' I resent your use of standards, by which she and I are judged to be beneath you, or beneath any man and woman upon the earth. I resent" (here he arose hastily to his feet)—"I resent the coupling of worldly sentiments about family, birth, position, and wealth, with my love. They have no business with it. They cannot interfere with it or qualify it in the least degree, for it is as much above them as heaven is above this infernal earth. There is a single course open to me now. It has pleased God to make it brilliant with light and promise, and I shall follow it just so long as I am master of myself. The world that I have lived in is now nothing to me. I shut it out of my sight. I turn my back upon its fancies and its censorship. I have been permitted to love and to be loved. The kind Fates have been gracious to me, and have blessed me more than I believed it was in their power to bless. I am far beyond you and above you! My life is full! What do I care for your opinions and your ill-natured looks? What have I to do with your miseries and funerals! Nothing, nothing!"

He broke off here, and, after nervously snapping his knife once or twice, he turned on his heel, and, with a swelling chest and humid eyes, suddenly left the apartment.

Mayer sat at the foot of the table, and Creswell and I opposite to each other.

We exchanged looks in silence. We had not been prepared for this outbreak, and it was pretty clear, from the disjointed way in which he spoke, that it was unpremeditated on the part of the speaker.

We were astonished, and, I must admit, considerably impressed. His fervor had moved us.

Creswell's senses returned to him first.

"He is bent on marrying the girl," said he.

Bent upon *marrying* her!

The rich, the refined, the semi-noble Sullivan bent upon marrying such a woman, and under such circumstances! No doubt a fear of such an event had occurred to each of us, but it had never taken the form of words.

We sat for a few moments overcome with anger and trepidation. Being his close companions, we felt some accountability to his family and friends for his proper conduct; and, inasmuch as this was not a simple escapade, but the forewarning of a great calamity, our responsibility was great.

What was to be done? Sullivan was on high ground. He had possessed himself of a lofty view of the matter, and, as he had truly said, he was above us. We did not know how to reach him.

We held another council of war.

It was decided that it was necessary to discover definitely what it was that we were to proceed against. Mayer said that the day was at his disposal, and that he would go over to Wolfkin's Ledge to make inquiries. He was instructed to find out the status of the girl, and of the man who had appeared to be her lover, and to discover, if possible, how far Sullivan had proceeded in his enterprise. I was apportioned the task of calming

Sullivan; and Creswell, who was a better talker than either of the quartet, was asked to get up a few arguments.

I succeeded in my task both well and poorly. I soothed our friend's temper, but at the same time set his tongue going upon the matter of his love and his dreams. I could not stop it without risk of incurring his ire a second time, and so I was obliged to listen to the cloying flood.

He did not convert me, but I do not mind allowing that he silenced some of my mental protests. He dwelt upon the spiritual worth of the girl with burning eloquence, and swept away all references to her birth and position with a fine wave of the hand. At two o'clock he disappeared from the street as he had done on the previous day.

Guzman told me that he had sold out his shares at a loss of sixteen hundred dollars, and had gone short of the same stock, and had put up the required margin of ten per cent. Guzman asked me if I thought him mad, and I could not help saying that I was sure of it.

In the evening I found out that all sorts of messages and people had sought for Sullivan at the University during the day. From the description of some of the latter I knew that they were mourners.

Mayer came back at six o'clock. He was full of perturbation.

"By George!" cried he; "Sullivan has started a whirlwind over there, and something brutal is sure to come out of it. The girl is a daughter of a market-gardener, and is as ignorant as a Kaffir, but as pure and gentle as a nun. She is the pride of the whole community, and there isn't a child for five miles around that does not think her a princess. Her lover is the son of a great brewer, and the Germans are bent upon having the two married. It is a matter of social polity. All things seemed to be going well until Sullivan leaped on the stage with his fine *bravura* last Sunday. His headlong onslaught upon the girl's heart has provoked a tempest in all the region, and the discarded lover is like a madman."

"Have you seen Sullivan this afternoon?"

"Certainly. He was at the brewery-garden with his Seibel, and I was told that they were there yesterday and the day before. There was not a man in the place that did not scowl at them. But, upon my word, I never knew what love-making was before."

Mayer thrust his hands into his pockets, and stared at us with ludicrous solemnity.

"Go on."

"Go on!" That's all very well, but I cannot go on. I cannot tell you what I saw, nor could any man, and tell you truthfully. It will not do to say that they sat beside each other, with their hands interlocked, their cheeks burning, and all that—that would degrade the thing. It wasn't a matter of a summer's day, and of warmth, and of vines, and of sunlight, and all such trickeries; it was something sublime—something beyond all language; and, upon my word, I felt criminal at being concerned on the other side. Their intercourse was so delicate, had so much of heaven and so little of earth, was so sincere and so

complete, that to speak of their persons and their surroundings would be to spoil the picture. I believe that Sullivan is as deeply and as purely in love as man ever was, and I believe that the girl's soul is so incorporated with his that it can never be separated, no matter who interferes. However, we know that he has made a blunder. We know that Chillingly was right, in spite of Bulwer, when he decided that love was the providential craze designed to bring men and women together for populating purposes, and we are bound to spoil this particular craze if we can, for we believe that its evaporation would leave only a residuum of wretchedness."

This was the material part of what he said, but he described the conduct and the bearing of the people toward our friend with a little more exactness, and we could not but tremble at what seemed to be in the future.

It was plain that Sullivan was utterly reckless.

His business matters were all at sixes and sevens. Up to this time he had kept a vigorous watch of the markets and of his interests, but every thing was now hanging in tatters.

His manner toward his friends and toward us was unprecedented, and multitudinous were the questions put us by his acquaintances respecting his late strange behavior and neglect.

Thursday came. Each of us felt that our protests to Sullivan could now no longer be delayed. We had rehearsed our arguments time and again, and we so irritated each other with the idea that an hour's delay might prove fatal, that we determined to talk to him on sight.

Therefore, we walked into his parlor in a body at eight o'clock in the morning, intending to persuade him, by every means in our power, to give up his dangerous affiliation.

The room was dark, for the curtains were down. It was a minute before our eyes became accustomed to the gloom, and even then they were able to catch only the dim outlines of the furniture, and the immense picture-frames with which the walls were hung.

Sullivan did not salute us as usual. The door of his chamber was wide open, and we could not help seeing into the apartment. It was somewhat lighter, and nearly all that it contained was visible to us.

We stopped upon the threshold; Sullivan, fully dressed, was upon his knees by his bedside, with his head buried in his hands. We looked at each other, and remained silent.

We had never seen him in that attitude before.

I cannot say how much we were astonished and impressed. That his present mental condition, as we understood it, should admit of such an act, was a great surprise to us, and we began to doubt our position.

In a few seconds he rose to his feet. His eyes were red with weeping, but in his face there was a smile of the most exquisite gentleness.

He advanced with outstretched hands, looking at us attentively.

"I see that you have come to talk with me," said he, in a low voice. "I know that

you would have spoken kindly to me, and that you would have been sincere, but you are too late. This is a moment when one seeks for sympathy, and not for criticism. Whatever one may do in this world there will be friends that will applaud him in it, and friends that will condemn him in it, and yet all will be his friends. You are my friends; I know that you would suffer for me; and still you oppose me. Therefore, I sought for a friend who would encourage me. You saw me in communion with Him."

Sullivan paused for an instant in order to regain control of his trembling voice.

"I shall need His help in my coming contention with those who have loved me, and whom I have loved all my life. An hour ago I dreaded the conflict; I felt sad to believe that I must incur so much anger and reproach. But now I shall welcome the moment when I can declare myself. To-day I shall leave my old path, and enter upon the new one. You know what I mean." (Our hearts sank, but we could not utter a word.) "To-day—to-night—I shall marry Seibel. I will not conceal from you that the act on her part, as well as upon mine, will bring trouble. We must snatch our happiness out of the fire. It will be our fate to love each other in the midst of jealousy, hatred, grief, and all uncharitableness. Perhaps it is not usual for you to feel as you do. I suppose that I should expect to incur your resentment. But I am sorry—I am very sorry." (Sullivan hung his head for a moment. Then he looked up again. He put out his hands for a second time.) "Come, let us say it—Good-by to you. It seems that I am to sink beneath the current in some way, and that we are to lose each other. Well—well—I—I—Good-by! God bless you! Good-by!"

He bestowed upon each of us that half-embrace that every warm-hearted fellow is apt to learn in a foreign country; and then, with a face convulsed with pain, he slowly turned his back upon us, and walked away, with his head bent upon his breast.

There was nothing for us to do; argument with him was out of the question, for he had assumed a position above all argument. We could not side with him for lack of pretext for doing so, though I know each one of us would have gone over, could the change have been made to look warrantable.

We left the parlor, filled with sorrow and anxiety.

For my part, I kept as close a watch upon Sullivan as possible. I knew that his doors were all locked, for I heard him throw the bolts of the one that communicated with our rooms, and I heard Kelper (a portrait-painter, who used Sullivan's parlor for a studio on account of its peculiar light) apply in vain for admission through the one that opened into the corridor.

I think, judging from what I learned afterward, that he must have been writing letters and packing his trunks.

I was obliged to go down-town at eleven, and I arranged with a char-woman that she should keep him under the closest surveillance.

I hoped to return to the University by one o'clock, at the latest; but I found it im-

possible to do so, and I therefore sent a message to my watcher, requesting her to describe what had occurred, and to send a note every half-hour, unless it was certain that Sullivan was about to leave the building, in which case she was to inform me without an instant's delay.

The first intelligence I got was this:

"His people" (his relatives) "have been here all day. He says he cannot see them until five o'clock. His mother is crying, and his father looks like a Lyon. His brother is very mad, and wanted to kick inn the door."

The next was this:

"I hear him dragging heavy things about, and he has shook down a piece of the cornice in Mr. Kelper's room." (Kelper's room was beneath Sullivan's chamber.) "Mr. Kelper's sitter has just drove away, very much put out. Mr. Kelper's blue-satin throne is in Mr. Sullivan's room, and he can't get it. Mr. Sullivan is quiet now."

The next:

"Every thing just the same. His mother sits close up to his door, and sometimes she stoops down and calls 'Archie!—Archie!' fit to break my heart. She has white hair, and she is very handsome. Mr. Creswell has just come in, and he is speaking to her in a low voice. Can't hear what he says."

The next two messages were unimportant. I could not leave even at half-past three. It seemed as if every thing conspired to detain me. I sent and requested messages at the end of each quarter-hour.

I received five. The first ran:

"Some packages have come for him. His father tore them open. I guess they are for lady's out-of-door wear. There is a splendid sack, and a lot of other things."

The next:

"They are lady's clothes."

The next:

"A carriage has come for him, but there is no danger of his going away for an hour yet."

The next:

"He is walking up and down in his room, from the long window to the door. Everybody seems to be nervous. His mother is listening very hard, and his father and his brother are talking together. They still look angry. Mr. Mayer has come. His father" (Sullivan's) "has walked up to the door, and is asking Mr. Sullivan to open it. He is pounding upon it now. The noise is very loud."

The next and last came five minutes after.

It ran:

"Come quick. They have got in. He opened the door himself. He was dreadful white. I saw that his trunks were all packed. His mother threw her arms around his neck, and kissed him a hundred times. Everybody is talking at once. Come quick, for I guess he will run out suddenly. They have shut the door tight. I could be quick if I was you."

I started without a moment's delay, taking a two-horse carriage, and a man whom I knew to be a careful driver. Luckily, there were no blocks or delays of any kind. We reached the south door of the University in twenty minutes. I found there were two carriages at each of the three entrances to the

building. One of those at the west entrance was Sullivan's. It was a coupé. I therefore placed my carriage at the north door. I was led to do this by a belief that Sullivan intended hastening to Wolfin's Ledge, and that he would take the Oldport Ferry. I intended to follow him, and could do it more readily from the place I have mentioned than from the place I arrived at.

Bidding the driver to follow Sullivan's carriage when it moved, I ran into the building and up the stairs.

It was a very dark day, and some lights were burning in the gloomy halls.

I first entered my own room. No one was in my parlor or in Creswell's. I heard voices from Sullivan's apartments.

The door admitting to his rooms was still locked, and I therefore hastened around to the one which led from the corridor.

It was closed, but I waived ceremony under the circumstances, and, without knocking, I entered.

I beheld one of the strangest pictures that I have ever seen.

In the centre of the room was a group of four men, all of whom were talking violently. They were gathered about Kelper's silken throne. Two of them were old, and two were young. Creswell and Mayer were in the rear, standing beside each other in silence.

Upon the platform upon which the seat stood, there rested the half-prostrate form of Sullivan's mother.

At the instant that I entered, one of the four gentlemen, who stood exactly in front of the chair, moved away, and I beheld Sullivan, clad in evening-dress, sitting in it, with a fearful look of resentment upon his face. His mother's head rested upon his knee, and she clasped one of his hands in both of hers.

I had arrived at the crisis of the tumult. Sullivan was being assailed from above, below, and from either side. His father and his brother and the other two gentlemen, whom I afterward knew to be relatives, were endeavoring to browbeat him, and his mother was beseeching him.

All were terribly in earnest. The dim glow from the long narrow windows illuminated only the salient portions of their figures, and their gestures and their facial expressions were exaggerated to the eye by the uncertain light.

Sullivan's face was positively awful. I never before comprehended what a thing of terror a set of features may become. His eyes protruded, his lips were parted over his set teeth, long lines appeared in his cheeks, his hair seemed to rise upon his head, and a rapid distention and contraction of his nostrils gave him for the moment a look that was more animal than human.

I remember that I asked myself what must be the depth of feeling that could cause such a metamorphosis as this.

I do not know what the talkers said. I could not understand. I merely heard a few harsh words out of the torrent of reproach. They were very bitter. For instance: "Everlasting disgrace!"—"Scheming woman!"—"Maudlin boy!"—"Disown!"—"Black sheep!"—and, finally, "A victim to an intriguer!"

At this instant, Sullivan bounded from his seat with great violence, and ran headlong toward me and the door. All at once he stopped and threw up his hands with a singular motion, and turned about and flew back to his mother, whom he had partly overthrown. He seized her in his arms, and kissed her repeatedly. Then he quickly abandoned her, and rushed toward the door again. As he reached it, he turned about and tried to say something to the gentlemen he had just quitted. He could not speak. He was choked up with passion, and he swung his right arm up and down through the air, and bent his body. His face was convulsed. I think that he terrified them as much as he terrified me. He succeeded in crying out "Fools!" and then, after a momentary struggle with his overwhelming flood of emotion, he cried for a second time "Fools!" and then, trembling violently from his head to his feet, he groped blindly for the edge of the door. In an instant he was gone.

I followed him almost instantly. I left the apartment, with a long, despairing cry of his mother's ringing in my ears, and, if any thing were needed to encourage me to thwart him, that would have supplied the want.

I ran down the rear stairs, and, as I reached the midway landing, I heard the closing of a carriage-door and a grinding of wheels.

I hastened at the top of my speed to my own vehicle, and was half maddened to discover that a scavenger's cart had backed up in such a way as to lock his wheels with mine. His horse was obstinate and mine were restive, and it was a good two minutes before the contact could be broken.

Sullivan was, of course, out of sight. Nothing was to be done but to drive in all haste to the ferry.

It was raining heavily, and it was still dark. The driver stood up on his foot-board, and held his reins in one hand, and, lowering his head, took the blasts full upon his breast. The streets were full of pools, and the wind howled fiercely over the house-tops.

I know that we went at a good rate under the circumstances, and I could never understand how it was that Sullivan went so much faster with his single horse.

We reached the ferry only to find that the boat had accomplished more than two-thirds of her way across the river. The gate-tender said that a *coupé*, answering to the description of Sullivan's, had gone aboard of her. Having learned this, it was not hard to wait a while, and I dismissed my carriage.

The Fates grounded the next incoming boat upon the mud at a distance of fifty yards from the shore.

At this stage of affairs, nothing could have been more infuriating. The accident cost me an hour.

Three times in that period I started to take a row-boat across, but in each case some incident occurred which convinced me that the starting of the ferry-boat was imminent, and I finally delayed until the rising tide permitted her to float into her dock.

It was seven o'clock before I reached the opposite shore.

The storm had spent its fury, though the sky was covered with broken clouds, which hastened over it with great speed, and promised an evening of alternate gloom and glory.

I had lost all traces of Sullivan, and had absolutely nothing to guide me but a vague theory that his concerns must be to a certain extent familiar to all the people thereabout. I began to make inquiries.

I went to the garden on the top of the cliff. I found the people rejoicing at the promises of a moonlit evening. There was to be a festival and a concert. It was natural to associate Sullivan's selection of this day with this particular feature in it. I asked cautiously about the German girl.

It appeared that she was to be present to distribute some prizes that had been contended for that morning by a rifle-club farther up the river.

Notwithstanding this accumulation of knowledge, I felt that I was but vaguely informed, after all. Sullivan had eluded me, the girl was in some unknown spot, and I had nothing to depend upon but the hope that they would be present pretty soon.

In light of the interests at stake, I felt that I must know more.

I set out to search for the girl's residence. I walked over muddy roads, rough fields, and rocky ledges, until a quarter to eight. Then I came to a small, mean frame-house, surrounded with a spare and unclean yard. There were no lights in its windows, and no signs of people about. A short distance off there were two or three more houses. These were also deserted. A boy who was driving a flock of geese across a boggy lane told me that everybody had gone to the garden. On my way back I found this to be true; the garden had absorbed the population.

It was now half-past eight. During my absence a great throng of people had assembled, despite the dampness of the air and the earth.

There was a good orchestra placed upon a platform under a canopy of Chinese lanterns, and the whole grove was brilliant with sparkling lights. The tables were surrounded by laughing and chatting sitters, and the aisles among the trees were thronged with strollers.

I searched secretly for Sullivan and then for the girl. I found no traces of either.

At nine the festival seemed to be at its height. The moon was out in all its brilliancy, and the crowd had augmented. By going to the edge of the cliff, one could see that the vine-hung terraces far below were filled with rapt gazers looking off upon the splendid river—a silver sea.

I was becoming excessively nervous. There was plenty of reason to fear that my game had escaped me.

The suspense was very harassing. I hastened from one point to another, feeling sure that by this time there *must* be, somewhere, some trace of the under-current that I knew existed. Suddenly I came full upon one.

In a little copse, or rather upon the edge of one, on the outskirts of the garden, I found standing in the deep shade Sullivan's horse and *coupé*. The driver was sitting silently

upon his box. The carriage was empty. It was so hidden in the dark that its concealment was almost perfect.

I stopped short and looked around me. I found more indications. Behind two thick trees, not ten yards from the horse's head, there stood each a man. I saw their forms distinctly. I walked on without seeming to notice their presence, and, before I had gone twenty steps, I saw two more. They were watching the carriage, and they were burly, and their clothing gave out the smell of hops. From these circumstances I reasonably inferred that they were in the employ of the young brewer, the girl's lover.

I walked through the grove from one end to the other and into the belvedere. I discovered that the whole place was filled with spies.

I constantly encountered young and middle-aged men whose behavior bespoke their employment.

No sooner had I convinced myself of this than there seemed to be a gathering of the people toward the platform where the orchestra was. It was now a quarter-past ten, and it had become dark once more.

I followed the current, but I kept upon the outskirts of the crowd and under the shade of the overhanging boughs.

A man in a gilt-braided uniform announced something that I did not understand, and the throng applauded and pressed nearer. It was a motley assemblage, and the play of the flickering lights gave it a half-wild appearance. But it was merry, and the women's voices had that peculiar pitch that comes from enthusiasm and joy. The orchestra played a waltz, and in the midst of it some people ascended a small dais of planks which elevated them a little above the heads of the audience. I at once distinguished the athletic figure of the young brewer among the rest. He turned about on reaching the top of the platform, and led forward the person that I was most anxious to see—Sullivan's Seibel.

In the overhead light of the lanterns she was beautiful beyond description. Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes were wonderfully bright, and she was full of excitement.

But yet she was awkward and ungraceful.

Her agitation intensified her faults. In moving her hand in a quick fashion she knocked a bouquet from the rail in front of her to the floor. Then she laughed loudly, and thrust down her arm and seized it from the hand of some one who raised it. The incident made every one laugh.

The man in the uniform made a short speech. During its delivery the girl stood beside the brewer, and she constantly turned her smiling face toward him. It pleased him. It also pleased the people in the crowd, for I heard some of them say to their friends: "See that! See how she loves him!" "Watch that pair." "That is as it should be, eh?"

While I noticed this, I also noticed that she now and then threw a swift and sweeping look at the edges of the wood which enveloped the crowd.

I began to look for Sullivan.

The orchestra went on playing, and in a

moment more a small mahogany box was brought and opened before the girl. She clapped her hands with childish pleasure, and seized her companion's arm. He looked also.

The distribution of the prizes began. The recipients of the awards came before the girl, and she, directed by the officer, selected the medals from the case and reached them down to the favored ones. With each decoration there was a short announcement by the officer, and these were always followed by applause from the people.

The ceremony lasted twenty minutes. In that short period the girl bestowed upon her companion every evidence of affection that was possible under the circumstances.

All at once I saw Sullivan. He was nearly opposite me, partially secreted in the shrubbery. His head, however, was thrust forward, and a light from a green lantern just above him lit up his features with startling effect. His cheeks were as pale as marble, and his glowing eyes were riveted upon the two people on the dais. His lips were parted, and he looked like one about to cry out. In a moment he vanished, but only to reappear a foot or two nearer the girl. He was eager and restless. His head moved backward and forward, but, like the needle of a compass, his eyes were fixed upon one point. He was in a rage of jealousy.

I did not understand this complication until I saw one of the spies close by Sullivan's elbow. I straightway decided that the girl was acting thus warmly merely to allay the suspicion in her companion's breast.

Meantime, Sullivan's fearful face had attracted attention. In the madness of his passion he took no precautions. People spoke to each other. Many turned to look at him. He became the centre for all eyes.

Still, the music went on, and the riflemen marched up for their rewards.

Suddenly the young brewer, attracted by the remarks and attitudes of those before him, looked quickly around. He recognized Sullivan immediately. The two men were not ten feet apart. A flush of rage instantly overspread his face.

But at this instant the seemingly merry-hearted girl again grasped him by the arm and placed one hand upon his shoulder. He turned his angry face toward her, but it met so happy and glowing a look that it lost its frown, and became by degrees as ardent as hers. Nothing could have surpassed the delicacy and grace of their position. For a moment I was lost in admiration.

I think that Sullivan must have rushed toward the steps of the dais, for there was a sudden movement of the people, and some loud exclamations near where he was hidden.

Hardly had this attracted my attention when a sudden shower began to fall. There was great confusion, and the people dispersed in all directions. The women screamed, the men shouted, and nearly every one flew from the coming deluge. The players hustled away with their instruments, the waiters clattered the dishes from the tables, and, overhead, the wind began to groan in the branches.

I kept my eyes upon the trio that interested me. The young man and Seibel de-

scended the steps in haste. Her face wore an expression of intense alertness, if I may say so. He, too, was wary. He moved quickly, with his hand partially extended behind him, as if to grasp her dress.

Sullivan had disappeared. Two or three men, however, still lingered at the foot of the steps.

Seibel looked with the speed of lightning on every side.

Suddenly I saw Sullivan's arm, breast, and head, emerge from the bushes behind her. He grasped her waist. She started and uttered an involuntary exclamation, or, one might say, a portion of an exclamation, for she stopped the word midway by striking her palm upon her lips.

But she was heard.

Sullivan did not relax his hold. He stepped out boldly and behaved like a madman. He endeavored to draw the girl away by sheer force. He was instantly surrounded by the men, and the brewer leaped back and was about to throw himself upon him when the girl, with a strength and quickness hardly to be expected of her, interposed her body and turned upon Sullivan the face of a fury.

He dropped her arm and recoiled.

And well he might.

She assailed him in a tone that at first was so bitter and acrid that it made itself felt like a whip.

"You follow me like a dog! How you insult me! How often must I tell you that I hate you from the bottom of my heart? I detest you! I hate—hate—I hate you—you!"

Her last words seemed to stumble over each other.

She at once turned and lay her head, as if for security, upon the broad shoulder of her friend. It was a splendid act, and she accompanied it with a smile. It pacified him.

At this moment the rain came down in a flood. The young man stepped rapidly backward and drew her with him. All the others disappeared at the same instant. Sullivan was left alone.

He stood as erect and rigid as if he were made of marble. His shoulders were thrown back, his arms hung by his side, and his graceful body kept for a moment a pose of great dignity. But the tremendous blow was too much for him. He commenced to tremble. His knees knocked together, and he hastened, with a pace compounded of a run and a fall, toward a seat beside a round table in the garden. He reached it crying in a loud whisper, "O God, have mercy upon me!" He threw himself down with his arms stretched over the green board, and he buried his head between them.

This was (so I thought) exactly as I could have wished. Therefore I did not stir. I determined to let well enough alone.

The rain was furious. The wind was high, and came down in gusts that made the flickering gas-lights twitter, and sent a jet of water in the fountain-basin, scattering in spray. The Chinese lanterns swung, the leaves fell, and all the benches and chairs were bright with the wet.

Two or three minutes passed thus. I was oppressed. I felt that I was in the presence

of torments and agonies, of which I knew absolutely nothing.

All at once, from the edge of the dripping shrubbery opposite, I heard a loud whisper, which thrills me to this very day. It was half aspirate and half tone. It was at once wary, bold, and pathetic:

"Archie!—Archie!"

He did not hear.

The next instant the girl Seibel, burst out into the garden, and ran toward him with outstretched arms.

"Come, Archie!—Come!—I am here!—Come, quick!"

Sullivan was upon his feet in an instant. He perceived the error that he had fallen into. The table lay between him and her. He threw it aside, and with a half-suppressed cry rushed toward her and seized her in his arms. I heard them kiss each other. I shall never forget the instant or the picture. It was the last moment of happiness that was ever vouchsafed to either of them. That so much that was beautiful and pure should find its final expression in the dreary garden, under a tempestuous sky, and in the tawdry light of those dismal lamps, has always seemed to me to be a pitiful and mournful anomaly.

I turned my eyes from them only to see that there had also come into the garden five or six men in blue blouses. They were all powerful.

Sullivan caught the alarm, and with a single impulse he and Seibel darted off together. But they were confronted by the brewer, who stepped before them with so fierce a mien that he compelled them to halt. Then all the men, with a common impulse, rushed forward.

I saw them lay hands upon Sullivan, and I heard the girl scream.

Then every light was extinguished. The garden was made totally dark.

I threw myself into the *milie* with a vague intent of rescuing Sullivan. He fought desperately, but all his skill and strength availed little against his ponderous assailants. They dragged him off, raising him almost bodily, and moving slowly in the direction of the brewery. I have a mere recollection that the girl made a swift onslaught upon the savage group, but I know that she was forced away shrieking, "O Archie! Archie! Save me, Archie!" and that I heard her cries grow more and more faint as the distance increased, until they were lost altogether. My memory of the scene is very indistinct. I received many blows, and I only remember that what I took for Sullivan's figure writhed and shouted with terrible fury, and that those about him fought as if they were struggling with a tiger.

I then became almost unconscious, and I do not know what I did or what was done to me. A total blank of half an hour's duration ensued.

I afterward learned that Sullivan had been thrown into a sort of malt-bin in the brewery, and that the door was closed upon him and locked, and also that through this room, from the ceiling to the floor, there ran the rope of a hoisting-pulley. The room was built of two-inch plank, and it had but one window.

I awoke to find myself lying upon my

back in the grass. The wind was blowing again, and more strongly than ever. I knew that I was near the edge of the cliff, for I felt the cool blasts roll up from the immense valley below me.

Alarmed by my half-formed memories, I hastened back into the garden, and thence to the belvedere, then to the door of the brewery, trying in a confused way to discover what had been done, and what was being done. I met no one. There were no lights, and I was sure that I was alone.

I cried aloud for Sullivan. But the gloomy scene afforded me no answer; not even an echo. My voice was swallowed up in the depths below.

While I stood irresolute upon the verge of the cliff, trying to bring to mind the circumstances that had occurred, in their regular sequence, a heavy cloud passed from over the moon, and a white glow at once illuminated every thing. I saw the great river, the roads by its edge far below, the huge brewery looking as if it rose from out the bowels of the earth, the stretches of dark woodland, and then the silent and deserted garden, the scene of so much pleasure and so much strife.

I hurried to take advantage of the light. I tried to get in at the brewery-door. It was locked securely. Another cloud came up. I called again and again for Sullivan. All at once I thought I heard an answer, though I could not tell whence it came. The wind caught it and seemed to bring it from every quarter. Neither could I distinguish its character. I could not say whether it was a hail, or a warning, or a direction, or a cry of distress.

It became night again; then it became day. Numberless long, dark, narrow clouds hung in the sky, and the moon looked between them. Flights of thin vapors rushed over the heavens, and they made the light seem tremulous.

I heard the cry or hail once more. I ran on at my utmost speed along the cliff until I reached the other side of the brewery. The moon shone full upon the tremendous wall, and illuminated it from its base to the eaves of the roof.

My hair rose on end at what I saw.

From the window of the malt-room there depended a rope, and at its end, midway to the ground, hung Sullivan, holding by his hands.

He saw me. He turned his face over his shoulder and looked up. I thought he smiled, but I am not sure. I was a hundred feet from him, and he was fifty feet from the ground. He swung like a pendulum, and turned around part way and then turned back again.

He was exhausted. He could say nothing. It was horrible to hear his body chafe against the wall, and to see it bound and rebound.

Perhaps I could pull him up! But I must get into the brewery! I started. But my eyes, which were glued upon Sullivan, perceived that he had become more weary. I could not leave him. I could not trust that my efforts would be of any avail. It was impossible to withdraw my eyes.

I shouted loudly and hopefully. I thought I could break his fall by bending down some saplings that were beneath him. I began to descend the precipice, calling cheerfully while my heart was trembling with fear.

The wall was unbroken. He had let himself down in the pitchy darkness, and had miscalculated the distance. There was no ledge upon which he could rest; there was no window into which he could thrust himself.

He and his shadow swung backward and forward without cessation. He made one faint struggle to raise himself, but he hardly bent his elbows. His tattered clothing looked ghastly in the silver light.

His eyes were fixed upon me. I got half-way down. He looked fearfully tall and slender; but, while it terrified me to look at him, it terrified me more to look away.

I kept up my shouting. I could see that he caught hold after hold, and that he struggled desperately.

There was a second or two of absolute stillness.

I could not move.

Then I saw Sullivan rise up, inch by inch. His head appeared over his shoulder once more. The features of his face seemed to grow immense. I almost felt his gaze penetrate my breast. His mouth appeared to become monstrous. He spoke to me.

He strained. He held tight. He gathered his breath for a final effort, and cried, in an awful voice:

"TELL SEIBEL THA—"

At this syllable his strength failed. With all his fierce resolution he could not utter another. His head slowly sank behind his arms, and his awful face was lost to my view.

There was another second of silence. His body revolved slowly to the right, advancing toward me, and then it turned back again. Then there was a sudden jerk. The rope flew up with a spiral twist and struck several times with loud reports against the side of the building.

Sullivan shot downward with lightning-like rapidity, turning over and over again in his descent, and falling finally into the midst of the shrubbery at the foot of the cliff.

I hastened to him with the utmost speed, crying for help as I ran.

He was conscious when I reached him, but he did not speak.

I procured assistance, and bore him to a comfortable house in the immediate vicinity, and then sent messages to all whom I knew would be concerned.

He died at a little after four on the following morning.

I had gathered at his bedside all his family, and had procured the attendance of Seibel. Mayer and Creswell were also there.

The girl, petrified to stone, held his right hand, while his mother, frantic with grief, held his left.

I do not think that his wounds gave him pain, for he was tranquil to the last, though not a single word passed his lips. I always thought that it lay in his power to speak, but that he kept silence, believing that all that he could say would but arouse into

dangerous frenzy the emotions that his acts had already stirred, and that reticence, though terrible as such a reticence might be, would prove the best tranquillizer to those about him.

Be this as it may, he passed out of our presence without a word. He bestowed upon each of us, his friends, a separate intelligent look, and he gave to each of those that were near him a kiss. Then his head sank heavily upon his pillow, his eyes became fixed, and he left us, I can truly say, to our solitude.

The girl Seibel afterward became the companion and intimate friend of the mother. Their sorrow seemed, and still seems, to grow with each succeeding day, and there has settled upon all of us that know the circumstances of his death a certain sense of accountability to each other for it.

This has not separated us. On the contrary, it has drawn us together. We have confederated, one might say, against an intangible accusation that proceeds from each of us, and of which we are all afraid. It is always present; we cannot escape from it. So much beauty, vigor, and promise, could not be suppressed and leave no mark behind. The beloved boy was closer to us than we thought, and his memory cannot abate.

AN AUTHOR'S WAY OF WORKING.

IN his "Causeries" and "Bric-à-brac," the old French romance-writer, Alexandre Dumas, presents an interesting account of his habits of composition, and the origin and "inspiration" of his various works. The literary status of the author does not seem to be accurately settled in this country. He is ranked generally with the great crowd of sensation novelists, who have given a bad name to modern French literature; and perhaps is not considered the most eminent even of that fraternity. In France his standing is much higher, and he retains his popularity when Sue, Soulié, and others, are wellnigh forgotten. If there were any question of this literary prominence, it would be set at rest by the large space given to Dumas in M. Jules Janin's able and brilliant "History of Dramatic Literature," a work which has extorted the admiration of the first critics of France. The famous old novelist is there drawn at full length, and the personality depicted is so eccentric and entertaining that it accounts sufficiently for the public curiosity about the man throughout his long career, and the interest taken in him both as an individual and as a writer. He was a very different personage from his son of the same name, the well-known historian of the *demi-monde*, who is said to be reserved in his manners, to write with great deliberation, and to be so prudent in money-matters as to have become a very rich man at forty. The elder Dumas was the exact opposite of all this. He was a big, burly spendthrift, who threw his money about in princely fashion, was "hail fellow well met" with half of Paris, had a kind word or a gay jest for everybody,

and wrote at headlong speed, almost day and night, until his hair was gray. Physically he was a sort of Hercules. He was above six feet high, had the olive complexion of a Moor, blue eyes, and his "kinky" hair showed his African descent—for he was a full-blooded quadroom. Movement, excitement, and "sensation" of some sort, seemed to be a necessity of his organization; and for nearly half a century he continued to attract a very large share of public attention to himself by his amusing eccentricities—the consequence, it appeared, of his immense vanity and self-appreciation. His best friends were wholly unable, indeed, to defend him from this latter charge—they acknowledged it, and laughed at the trait. They were able, however, to claim for him, with justice, the praise of being a devoted son and father, a warm and disinterested friend, and a man of royal generosity in money matters. Money seemed, in fact, to burn the old romancer's pockets. What he made to-day he squandered to-morrow—if he ever waited so long before throwing it away. It is said that his creditors were obliged to meet periodically for the settlement of his affairs, and that he was incessantly harassed by this disagreeable state of things; but being "in hot-water" did not seem to affect his good spirits, or even annoy him. He remained to the last full of gayety and *bonhomie*, ready to laugh on the least provocation, to tell a good story for the amusement of anybody who would listen to him, to help anybody in want of help—for his goodness of heart was proverbial—and thus he went through life with his hand open and his heart in it: a big, fat, frank, jovial, vain, brilliant, generous, old *homme de lettres*—not a "domestic character," or we fear very "reputable" in one sense of the word, but an attractive human being, from the entire absence in his character of any thing petty, calculating, or hypocritical.

In his literary phase Alexandre Dumas the author was a sort of "continuation" of Alexandre Dumas the man. He wrote headlong, and there seems reason to conclude that in the mere number of his books—or at least in the amount of manuscript which his un-resting pen produced—he excelled even Lope de Véga, the most prolific of known writers, with this exception. It is not our purpose to estimate the relative value of the works of the two writers; and the mere amount of an author's production is of little importance. Half of Dumas' books will perish speedily, but many will live; and perhaps on account of the very rapidity and fervor of their composition, from which they derive a certain charm not found in more deliberate writing. Deliberate composition seemed, indeed, an impossibility with him. Careless of grace and that nice finish of style and phrase which afford so much enjoyment to the literary epicure, he wrote at a gallop, never paused to select a word, but took the first that came, and never so much as crossed his *i's* or dotted his *e's*, or made an accent or exclamation-mark. He makes this statement himself, to account in part for his rapidity of composition; and states further that he was accustomed to write *fifteen hours* a day throughout the year, and to sleep but four. This is an

almost incredible assertion, but the old quadroom really does appear to have had no "nerves." He was not so much a human being, with flesh, and blood, and muscles, which incessant labor could weary, as a machine holding a pen, which, once wound up and set going, ran day and night until a certain amount of manuscript was produced. The machine went on in this fashion for nearly half a century, grinding out incredible piles of written sheets, for which the publishers paid the author a very large amount of money. The ceaseless production continued thus with unabated vigor until one day, by accident, as it were, rather than from the exhaustion of his vitality, the old, fat, jovial novelist dropped into his grave, and the busy pen was still.

M. Janin is evidently impressed by the phenomenal character of the author, of whom he draws his curious portrait, and styles him "the most astounding literary organization which has ever held its place and made its mark in the memory and gratitude of the nation of idlers, happy people, careless people, lovers, and newsmongers of this lower world." He adds: "The idle world owes to Alexandre Dumas its finest hours of *far niente* and repose. He has amused as much as anybody, and more than anybody—he has been the joy and pleasure of this generation. Even his defects of composition, of care, of zeal, and that vulgar way of writing, following his pen and his thought, have largely entered into his popularity. He has had, for him, the crowd; and it has followed him from his dramas to his books, from his books to his dramas, thinking more of him and loving him more than it has loved the masters—his masters. He has been the great amuser of our age."

The tone of this criticism is exaggerated, but the estimate of Dumas is discriminating and just. He was essentially an "amuser," and very good judges indeed of literature have read and greatly admired him. Thackeray apostrophizes him as "brave, generous, kindly old Alexandre," and acknowledges the entertainment he had in reading his stories, and the old statesman Guizot is said to prefer him to all other novelists. Abd-el-Kader even was among his warm admirers—and these three names are taken at random, to illustrate the attractions of Dumas as an "amuser" in the eyes of grave people with gray heads. The wit, vivacity, and *entrain* of the old quadroom were a *rest* to the mind of the author, the statesman, and the exile. His gayety drove away the reader's "blues," if he had any, and his laughter, springing from high animal spirits, cleared the atmosphere.

Perhaps the most amusing of Dumas' writings are the lesser ones referred to above—his "Causeries" and "Bric-à-brac." They fill four volumes, and consist of gay, lively, laughing chats with his readers. There is about these papers—which all, more or less, relate to the author himself—no sort of reserve whatever. He tells you every thing that another writer would conceal—all about himself and his books, omitting nothing; and, if you will only consent to lose sight of the question of vanity, these personal details are odd and amusing.

First, for the material and external conditions necessary for the operation of what his enemies—aghast and indignant at his enormous production—called the *fabrique Dumas*. He wrote his romances on one paper, and his dramas on another. For the romances, he absolutely required a large *blue* sheet of foolscap or folio size—for the dramas, another pattern. He was also particular about his pen. It must be a steel pen, and of one precise sort and no other. If he could not procure large, blue paper, and the pen of his predilection, his ideas were paralyzed. Other conditions were necessary. He must take off his coat, winter or summer, and loosen his cravat before he could write. However cold the weather, he must go to work in his shirt-sleeves, and he was thus forced to adopt a different shirt for winter than that used in summer—linen gave place to worsted. Thus accoutred, the great work began—if there were no cat in the room. He could converse with a visitor while he wrote; continue busily throwing off manuscript with a phrenologist feeling the various bumps on his head—the cat only was fatal. As to his dramas, they were written in bed, with a pencil, and in a back-hand, entirely different from his ordinary handwriting. This handwriting was excellent, and no doubt was the joy of editors and printers. The rarest of things in his MS. was an erasure, or the substitution of one word for another. The characters were firm, flowing, legible, and a delight to the eye. This uniform flow of unhurried, distinct, unmistakable letters, words, and sentences, went on day after day, month after month, and year after year—the machine only pausing to sleep occasionally, take in fuel in the form of food, laugh, discharge an epigram, tell an anecdote, and then it began to run again, and the never-ending MS. slipped steadily from beneath the pen, as the endless band of the telegraph operator slips from under the points of his instrument.

This incessant production of books, which nothing but great intellectual activity, united to a remarkable physical capacity for work, could have effected, aroused huge indignation in his literary rivals and other enemies, who charged him with debasing literature to a trade, and signing his name to MSS. which he had not written. To the first charge he did not reply, finding it not unreasonable probably that he should receive his fair share of the profits of his own labor; but the second charge, that he "was not the author of his own works," very naturally excited his indignation. He greeted the charge with satirical jests, at the expense of his adversaries; audacious challenges to them to keep pace with him in fertility; by giving in detail the origin of his works, with the circumstances under which they were written; and, as a conclusive proof, by offering to anybody who might doubt, a sight of his MSS., written with his own hand. The controversy is not particularly interesting to the general reader, who will be apt to feel indifferent on the subject—content to know that certain extremely amusing books are supplied him, and careless of their authorship; but what is apt to interest many readers is the account given by Dumas of the origin of his prominent works

—both novels and plays—where, why, and how they were written. We shall present two or three of these gossip articles, translated freely, and condensing somewhat from the "Causeries," and begin with that in reference to the famous "Count of Monte Cristo," the best known, probably, of the author's works:

"There has always been," he says, "a very great anxiety to ascertain how my books were written, and, above all, *who wrote them*. It was so simple a thing to believe that I wrote them myself, that nobody seemed to be struck with that idea!

"In Italy it is the general belief that Fiorentino wrote the 'Count of Monte Cristo.' Why don't they believe that I wrote the 'Divina Commedia?' There is exactly the same reason to believe that. Let me tell you how the 'Count of Monte Cristo' was written.

"In 1841 I was living at Florence, and used to go every day to the Villa de Quarto, the residence of Jerome Bonaparte, and his daughter, the Princess Mathilde. One day, in the beginning of 1842, the king informed me that his son Napoleon had just returned from Wurtemberg, and added:

"I wish you would tell him all about France, and travel a little with him in Italy, if you have the time."

"Has he seen Elba, sire?" I said.

"No."

"Well, I will take him to Elba, if you desire. But how shall we travel? I am not rich enough to travel as a prince, and too proud to travel in a prince's suite."

"Do not be uneasy," replied King Jerome, "Napoleon will put a thousand francs in his purse, you will put the same in yours, and I will give you a *valet de chambre* with five hundred francs to defray traveling expenses. When the money is gone, you will return."

"Every thing was then arranged, and we were soon ready. I was thirty-nine and the prince nineteen, and we set out for Leghorn, where we looked about for a vessel to take us to Porto Ferrajo. None was to be found, but the prince, pointing to one of the little barks with two towers, exclaimed—

"Look at that boat, Dumas!"

"What is peculiar about it?" I asked.

"It's name—the Duke de Reichstadt!"

"On my word that is odd," I said, "and, if the king had not made me your mentor, I would make you an absurd proposition—to go to Elba in this bark."

"The prince had already leaped into the bark, and when we asked the sailors if they could take us to Elba in their nutshell, they replied: 'To Africa, if it be the good pleasure of your excellencies!'

"This decided us, and we set out; but no sooner had we done so than a black cloud, sweeping from the side of Corsica, announced its presence by some magnificent flashes of lightning, followed by hoarse thunder; and in ten minutes the bark, with sail and mast down, was dancing on waves fifteen feet in height. Three hours afterward the danger was over, the sky grew bright, and we reached Elba, from which we returned on the next day. While sailing along, we observed an island consisting of a magnificent mass of

rock rising suddenly from the sea, and the master of the bark cried—

"Oh, your excellencies! If you only landed yonder, what fine hunting you would have! The island is full of wild-goats."

"And what is the name of this happy island?" I asked.

"The isle of Monte Cristo."

"We advanced toward it, and, as we did so, it seemed to rise from the bosom of the sea. We were going to land, when all at once the master of the bark said:

"I must inform your excellencies that the island of Monte Cristo is in *contumacy*—that is, if you land, you will have to go into quarantine, on your return, for four or five days."

"I consulted with the prince, and we agreed that a few wild-goats were not worth that; but I said, 'Let us at least sail round the island.'

"What will be the advantage of that?" said the prince.

"To give," I replied, "the title of 'The Isle of Monte Cristo' to some romance I may write in honor of our voyage, my lord."

"Very well, let us sail around the island as you wish, and you can send me the first copy of your romance," said the prince; and we made the circuit of the island, and then returned to Leghorn.

"In 1843 I made a contract with my publishers to write a work whose scene was to be laid in Paris. I had long before turned down a leaf in Peuchet's 'Police Unveiled' at a little story called 'The Diamond and the Vengeance.' The story was simply idiotic—you may see that by reading it—but at the bottom of the oyster was a pearl, rough and valueless, but awaiting the lapidary. I resolved to use the story, and my idea was to make a rich nobleman, calling himself the Count of Monte Cristo, and living at Rome, render an important service to a young French traveler, who in turn was to introduce the count into society at Paris. This visit was to be ostensibly one of mere curiosity, but really to pursue a vengeance. The count was to discover at Paris some concealed enemies, who had condemned him in his youth to an imprisonment of ten years.

"I began the work on this plan, and wrote all that portion referring to Rome, when I showed it to my friend Maquet.

"I think you are passing over the most interesting part of the life of your hero," he said, "I mean his love-affair, betrayal, and imprisonment at Marseilles."

"I will narrate all that," I replied.

"You cannot narrate four or five volumes," said my friend, "and there are four or five volumes in that."

"I reflected on Maquet's observation, and it appeared to me so just that I came to prefer it to my original idea. So when he came to dine with me on the next day, he found the story divided into three distinct parts—Marseilles, Rome, and Paris—and the plot was made. Such was the origin of the 'Count of Monte Cristo.' That person who discovers any other will be a very cunning person indeed!"

One of Dumas' most popular works is the "Trois Mousquetaires," known in this

country as "The Three Guardsmen." Even hostile critics concede that in "D'Artagnan" he drew a character of real originality, embodying the humor of Gascony as it had never been embodied before. He followed in his romance a volume styled the "Mémoires de D'Artagnan," a real individual of the age of Louis XIV., and it is a singular fact that Thackeray had resolved to make a novel on the same subject, having accidentally picked up the dingy little volume on a London book-stall. Dumas, however, "got ahead of him," he said; and D'Artagnan became the hero of endless adventures narrated in the volumes styled in succession "Les Trois Mousquetaires," "Vingt Ans après," and "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne," which rank among their author's best novels, and have had an extraordinary popularity in France. His own account of the origin of "The Mousquetaires" is as follows:

"It was in 1844, as well as I remember, that a volume fell into my hands, entitled 'The Memoirs of D'Artagnan, by Sandras de Courtlitz.' The book was offered me as an exact picture of the manners of the seventeenth century.

"I read the work without remarking any thing but the three names, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. These strange names belonged to three guardsmen, friends of D'Artagnan, but in no part of the work—which I invite the curious to read—is any explanation vouchsafed in reference to the characters of these gentlemen. A single episode in the book struck me—that of the amours of D'Artagnan with an Englishwoman, designated as 'My lady,' who attempts to have him killed by her lover, whose name is De Wardes. In the book of this romance-writer, astride of the age of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., every thing is touched lightly, nothing is dug to the bottom, and style and composition are both mediocre.

"Nevertheless, these names, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, remained in my memory; and the 'My lady' episode, which I continued to think of in spite of myself, led me to assemble a fresh group of characters, nearly unformed, which I submitted to my friend Maquet. He was not much pleased with the subject, which, for the rest, was not yet matured, but he set to work, and I then took the book into my own hands, and succeeded in interesting him in it.

"As I had a contract with the *Sicile*, I sent the book, when it was finished, to Desnoyer, who had charge of the *feuilleton* department, giving the story the title 'Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.'

"Desnoyer read, or did not read, the four volumes placed in his hands. At all events, his sympathy for the work was not very great. Still, as the publication of my romance in the journal did not depend on him, he was directed by the editor to send it to the printers. It was then that I received from him a letter, conceived in nearly the following terms:

"MY DEAR DUMAS: Many of our subscribers are frightened at the title, 'Athos, Porthos, and Aramis.' Some of them believe it is the history of the three Fates that you have undertaken to write; and inasmuch as,

in the absence of fresh information on the subject of these three goddesses, their history does not promise to be very amusing, I would propose to you a much less ambitious but far more popular title—"The Three Mousquetaires." Please reply.'

"I replied by the next mail:

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I am all the more of your opinion that the work ought to be called 'The Three Mousquetaires,' since, as they are four in number, the title will be absurd, and that fact promises for the romance the very greatest success.'

"The romance was called 'The Three Mousquetaires,' and nobody observed that there were four."

The next of these gay "talks" which we shall present to the reader, relates to a very agreeable little story of Dumas', called "Conscience, the Innocent;" and he styles his *causerie* "A Case of Conscience:"

"I had left France on the 11th of December, 1851, intending to take up my residence at Brussels.

"As soon as I arrived at the Hôtel de l'Europe, I took my large blue paper from my trunk—for twenty years I have written on the same paper—drew my pens from their box, fitted them into their handles, and said:

"Come, let us make a romance."

"When one is a real romance-writer, you see, it is as easy for him to make a romance, or even romances, as for a fruit-raiser to make apples.

"This is the way in which it is done: you prepare, as I did, paper, pen, and ink. You seat yourself as comfortably as possible at a table, neither too high nor too low. You reflect for half an hour—you write the title—after the title, 'chapter first'—you allow thirty-five lines to the page, fifty letters to the line, for two hundred pages, if you wish a romance in two volumes; or four hundred pages if you wish a romance in four volumes; or eight hundred pages if you wish a romance in eight volumes, and so on. And at the end of ten, twenty, or forty days, supposing that you wrote twenty pages between morning and evening, which make seven hundred lines, or thirty-eight thousand five hundred letters, the romance is finished.

"This is my way of proceeding, say the majority of the writers who have the goodness to occupy themselves with my affairs. Only, these gentlemen forget one thing—that, before preparing the ink, pen, and paper, to serve in the preparation of a new romance; before drawing my chair to the table; before allowing my head to fall in my hands; before writing the title and these two simple words, 'chapter first,' I have sometimes thought for six months, a year, ten years even, upon what I am going to write. Hence the clearness of my plots, the simplicity of my incidents, and the natural character of my *dénouements*. Generally speaking, I never begin a book until it is finished.

"I had just written the title, 'The Countess of Charny,' and rose to take out of my trunk 'The History of the French Revolution,' by Michelet. Michelet is my man—my historian. It has not yet occurred to anybody to

give him to me as an assistant in my works. Well, if they will not give him to me, I declare that I will take him! Unfortunately, I had forgotten my 'History of the French Revolution'—none could be found in Brussels, and 'The Countess of Charny' could not proceed. This would have been nothing if I only became stupid when I do not work, but I nearly go mad. I was thinking, therefore, of a little romance I had in my head, in the style of George Sand, when a friend came to see me, holding in his hand a small volume, by Henry Conscience, called 'The Conscript,' which he lent me.

"As soon as my friend took his departure, I opened the book, and, in the very beginning, saw that the Flemish author possessed three great merits—a grand simplicity of style, a grand power of describing country scenes, and a grand sympathy with the poetry of Nature. With these three qualities an author excites interest by incredibly simple means. 'The Conscript' was a brilliant illustration of this, and aroused in me the organs of construction. I began my romance.

"But two chapters in the novel by Conscience framed themselves in my own composition in such a way that it was almost impossible to turn them out. This annoyed me at first, and I tried every means to drive the intruders from my work. In vain! There they were, firmly and squarely fixed, as though at home, their elbows on the neighboring chapters, like Mephistopheles on the arm-chair of Faust. When I begged them to go away, they showed their teeth. When I threatened to drive them off, they laughed in my face. Then I must acknowledge one thing, that these two chapters were so charming that, while pretending to be angry with my guests, I was not sorry that they forced themselves upon me. At last I determined on a middle course. I wrote to Henry Conscience, telling him what had happened, and asking him to make me a present of these two chapters, engaging to leave them their family likeness, and only dress them up in the French fashion. He replied in a charming letter. To believe him, I had done him a great honor by robbing him. He made me a free gift of the two chapters I wanted, and I have found no better means of thanking him than to call my book by his name."

These extracts will serve to show the eccentric fashion of composition of the gay old author in particular instances. He is profuse throughout his works of these personal details, and in reference to his literary idiosyncrasies. He could never write any thing without visiting the spot in which the scene was to be laid; and says: "To write 'Christine,' I went to Fontainebleau; to write 'Henry III,' I went to Blois; to write the 'Mousquetaires,' I went to Bethune and Boulogne; to write 'Monte Cristo,' I returned to the Catalans and the Château d'If; to write 'Isaac Laquedem,' I returned to Rome; and certainly I lost more time in studying Jerusalem and Corinth than if I had gone thither." He was obliged, he says, to seek the "inspiration" for various works in peculiar ways. To get the inspiration for his play "Don Juan de Marana," he went to the opera, and, leaning

back in a dark box, with closed eyes, composed under the influence of weird music. To write another book he had recourse to a stage-coach journey. To mature his novel "Captain Paul," he lay on his back on the deck of his sail-boat, in the Mediterranean, looking up into the sky all day long, and finally sprung up—the inspiration was found! All this is peculiarly French, and certainly amusing. Space permits only the briefest reference to these odd details, entering so largely into the queer compound of strength and weakness, good sense and absurdity, summed up in Alexandre Dumas.

Allusion has been made above to the really superb eulogy on the old romance in Jules Janin's "History of Dramatic Literature." It may entertain the reader to hear Dumas discoursing in his turn on Janin, of whom he draws an amusing picture in a paper protesting against the classification of Janin among literary critics, and with this brief extract we shall end the present desultory paper:

"Janin a critic!" exclaimed his friend.

"Come! Janin, the author of 'The Dead Ass and the Guillotined Woman,' of 'The Cross-Road,' and 'The Nun of Toulouse!' Who on earth has made you believe that Janin is a critic? Because, on every Monday, he gives an account of the plays performed during the week? Read attentively these charming fantasies, and you will see that all these titles of dramas that have been acted are only pretexts for style. Janin is not the master but the slave of his style. Meet Janin in the evening at eleven, at the theatre, all moved and palpitating with what he has seen and heard, and ask him what he thinks of the drama.

"It is fine! It is magnificent! It is sublime!" he will tell you.

"And it so impresses him; for you must be acquainted with Janin to know how much innocence and good-nature there are in this big, witty child. He will press your hand and say: 'If you see the author, my dear friend, tell him that he has produced a masterpiece!'

"Well, you are delighted; you hasten to the author, you repeat Janin's words. The author scarcely believes them—exclamations burst from him: 'Really!' and 'What good luck!' He awaits with impatience the *Journal des Débats*, and says in confidence to his friends: 'You will see Janin's article; he is enchanted with my play!' Sunday seems forty-eight hours in length. Monday arrives—the happy Monday that will light his triumph. He rings for his servant.

"Go and get me the *Journal des Débats*!"

"But, monsieur, it is only six in the morning."

"Go on—go on! Buy a copy if it costs five sous, or ten, or a franc!"

"The servant goes and comes back with the journal, and the author tears it open. At the tenth word he rubs his eyes; at the twentieth line he lets the paper fall.

"Janin has annihilated the play!"

"And now why has he done so? Was there treason, a breach of promise, a foregone determination to decry the piece? Not at all. Janin had drawn off his boots, put on his dressing-gown, and taken his seat in

his arm-chair. Then Janin has drawn up to his desk; Janin had taken up his pen intending to praise the drama, but the first line, instead of turning to the right, has turned to the left; Janin has followed the first line, Janin must go on, must go to the end—in a word, must condemn a play which he intended to praise. And you must not find fault with him for that! This victim of his fantasy has no free-will; he is the sport of every thing—the cat who plays with a string, of his parrot who says 'Baissez coquette!' of his dog who runs off barking with his slippers. On another occasion, when you have written a poor play, if his first line turns to the right, instead of turning to the left, be tranquil! He will say as much good of the bad drama as he said bad of the good!"

These random paragraphs afford a fair idea of the gay French wit, and pleasantry without malice, of the old romancer. Staid people will protest against such frivolous composition, and it may not be very "high literature," but it certainly amused, and had a brisk, rich flavor, which cannot be said of many pages more serious and pretentious.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

HOMERIC TROY, AND DR. SCHLIEMANN'S EXCAVATIONS.

THE northwestern coast-land which juts out from Asia Minor far into the Grecian archipelago, Hellespont, and Propontis, was, according to tradition, the scene of the famous Trojan War. Archaeologists, and all not entirely unfamiliar with the mythology, poetry, or history of early Greece, have eagerly watched the results of Dr. Schliemann's recent excavations in this promontory. Probably since the first day that portions of the "Iliad" were recited, people have searched among the ramifications of Mount Ida for the plain that once lay at the foot of the citadel of Ilium. Two thousand years and more have since passed away, but the Homeric poems are still before the world in the bloom of youth, and are pointing still with the same mysterious air to the peninsula trod by the gods and heroes of Troy.

Dr. Schliemann is the last whom the muses have enticed to spend life and fortune in search of evidence that they have sung the true history of the earliest days of Greece. He has indeed succeeded in uncovering the foundations of a city of hoary age, and he is confident that he has been in the very palace of Priam, the Trojan king. He has unearthed a collection of several thousand curious objects, and a treasure of rich vases, diadems, and other ornaments of gold, electrum, or silver, which he claims have belonged to that king and his family. Archaeologists have not failed to give a hearty welcome to the results of his labors; but, after examining carefully every object he found, they have coolly rejected his demand to be recognized as the fortunate discoverer of Priam's palace and treasure. Dr. Schliemann is now waging a fierce war with the learned of all lands who deny that he has resuscitated the ancient world of Troy, and who refuse him the honors

which he has for three years labored to gain. But, though the patient explorer deserves all sympathy in his great disappointment, yet it is self-evident that no amount of discussion can alter the conclusion already drawn. The legendary character of the Trojan War becomes apparent at the most cursory inspection, and it is in the very nature of the case impossible that Dr. Schliemann's excavations have anything in common with the Homeric myths. The "Iliad" may tell of actual events, but no amount of care taken to remove the marvelous incidents of the narrative can disclose a kernel of history in it. Ilus, the son of Tros, the eponym of the Trojans, founded in the plain of Troy the holy city of Ilium. Priam the descendant of Ilus, caused Paris, his son, to be exposed on Mount Ida, because he was told that this child would prove fatal to him. Protected by heavenly favor, the boy, however, grew up and became the favorite of Aphrodite, whose beauty he had praised above Hera's and Athene's. Aphrodite enabled Paris to elope with Helen, and carry off a large sum of money, the one the wife, the other the property of Menelaus, by whom he had been hospitably entertained at Sparta. Menelaus called upon the Greek chiefs to help him avenge the outrage, and, after spending ten years in equipping the expedition, they set sail from Aulis, in Boeotia, with eleven hundred and eighty-six ships and more than one hundred thousand men, which was a force ten times greater than the Trojans could oppose. The Trojans had in the meanwhile assembled a large body of allies from various parts of Asia Minor and Thrace, and, when Odysseus and Menelaus came to them as envoys to redeem Helen and the stolen property, they refused to comply, and preferred to fight. Ten years later, while the Trojans indulged in a night of revelry, Spartan warriors crept out of the wooden horse, which fatal fabric the Trojans had triumphantly dragged into their city, and, assisted by forces from without, they sacked and destroyed the city, the altars and temples, and the population of Troy. Priam was slain, and his body mutilated; Paris had been killed before in the course of the war; and Helen, who had, after the death of Paris, become the wife of Deiphobus, resumed her union with Menelaus, and lived happily with him for many years.

Now, it is well known that the tale of Helen and Paris is one which is found, in all its essential features, in every Aryan land, and, therefore, if such a war took place, it must be carried back to a time preceding the dispersion of the Aryan tribes, and its scenes can be placed neither in the land of the Five Streams, nor on the plain of Troy, not in Germany, or Norway, or Wales. It has therefore, strictly speaking, nothing to do with Greek history. The Homeric poems may tell us the state of society and law at the time when they took shape, but there is scarcely a single incident in the lives of all the Greek heroes which cannot be found, and generally in far more than one form, in the wide field of Teutonic, or Celtic, or Hindoo tradition. It is this mythical identity which deprives these incidents of all historical value.

Dr. Schliemann finds fault with Professor

Max Müller for saying that, "to look for the treasure of the Homeric Priamos at Hissarlik" (where Dr. Schliemann excavated), "would be like looking for the treasure of 'Nibelungen' at Worms, or for the bracelet of Helle in the Dardanelles," and he thinks that he succeeds in invalidating the criticism by retorting: "If I had been excavating for three years at Hissarlik, without discovering any thing, I should have had to accept the observation as perfectly just; but, since my gigantic labors have been crowned with full success; since I have dug up the real Homeric Troy and the treasure of its last king, I think, and with me every man will think, the learned professor's remark as unjust as it is unfounded."

Dr. Schliemann overlooks that, though he has discovered a city of great antiquity and a great treasure, possibly once the property of the king of that city, it may yet remain a matter of doubt that he has dug up the city of Troy and the treasure of Priam. Professor Max Müller's remark seems to us both just and well founded. The myth of the "Nibelungenlied" is even more clearly an historical tradition than the myth of Troy. There are contemporary writers who affirm that Gunther, the Burgundian king, was conquered by the Huns of Attila, and that the murder of Siegbert, King of Austrasia, who defeated the Huns, was really committed. It is indeed a fact that such persons really lived. It would therefore at first sight seem perfectly legitimate to search for historical elements among the "Nibelungenlied," and for historical monuments of them at Worms. Nevertheless, no one would think of looking for them, as every one of the incidents, and almost all the names occurring in the "Nibelungenlied," are found in another myth, and an older one, namely, the "Saga of the Volsungs." In the "Nibelungenlied" there are names which are supposed to denote Siegbert, Brunhild, Attila, Gunther, and Swanhild; while in the "Volsungs" there are Sigurd, Brynhild, Atli, Gunnar, and Swanhild; also the incidents recorded in each are in both the same. Now, on further comparison, it is found that the "Nibelungen" and "Volsung" stories are precisely the same as the story of "Paris and Helen," of the Trojan War. There can hardly be a better reason for digging at Hissarlik for the remains of Priam, Paris, Helen, Hector, Briseis, Achilles, and the age of Troy, than he would have who ventures on searching for monuments to testify to the incidents of the "Nibelungenlied," which reflects the history of the age of Attila, Theodoric, and Gundicar. Orientalists might have taken Sarana and Pami, the Helen and Paris of the "Veda," from the cloud-land of Hindoo mythology, and buried them in the soil of the Punjab, and then, some one excavating there an old town and treasure, would have imagined that he had found the habitat and property of the Vedic gods. Then, whether in the legends of the Aryan nations of the East or of the West, under one name or another, the "Siege of Troy" is plainly but a repetition of the daily siege of the East by the solar powers that every evening are robbed of their brightest treasures in the West. In its original form the siege of Troy is the constant

theme of the hymns of the "Veda," and it reappears in other forms in the folk-lore of Scandinavian and German races. Sarana, it is true, does not yield in the "Veda" to the temptation of Pani, yet the first indications of her faithlessness are there, and the equivocal character of the twilight which she represents would fully account for the development of the Greek myth. In the "Iliad," Briseis, the daughter of Brises, is one of the first captives taken by the advancing armies of the West. In the "Veda," before the bright powers reconquer the light that had been stolen by Pani, they are said to have conquered the offspring of Brisaia. In all of her legends, Helen is always reconquered, after having been carried off from her rightful husband; she meets him again at the setting of his life, and dies with him pardoned and glorified.*

It is true, that the Homeric epic of the Trojan War has every appearance of being some historical tradition of an early nation. But even our fairy tales have elements of real life, and favorite fictions are always spun on a warp of facts. Thus, all folk-lore is naturally supplied with surroundings of truth, and the myths of the ancients assumed fresh garbs of probability with every period of their history. Similarly, the Homeric legends were fitted out in the course of time with every thing that could serve to make them appear like genuine historical traditions. When, for example, some of the later revisers of the poems found that one could hardly suppose that the forefathers of the Greeks were numerous enough to send out so large a fleet and army as the legend told, they interpolated a long list of the colonies which supplied the thousands of ships and hundred thousands of men. Modern critics detected the interpolation from the fact that the list named some colonies which had long ceased to exist before others in the list had been founded. Great assistance was afforded to the compilers and editors of the early Greek rhapsodies by a number of Æolic Greeks, who founded a town in the Troad, which they named after the legendary city of Troy. This Ilium of history always remained a place of little importance, though the halo which the great poem of the "Iliad" cast round its name caused it to be revered in all ages. Modern writers call it "Ilium Novum," or "New Ilium," to distinguish it from "Ilium Vetum," or "Old Ilium," the city of the myth; but ancient writers substituted the fact for the fiction, and revised the Homeric text according to the topography of the Troad, as if this Ilium was the citadel of Priam. Thus, young Alexander the Great, fresh from the lessons of his teachers, journeyed to this little town, and bestowed honors upon it in memory of the classic poets of by-gone days. But even his special care could not save the false Ilium from total decay and oblivion.

Though the people and poets of Greece were pleased to be deceived in regard to the Trojan War, yet to Herodotus, the father of Greek history, it was simply incredible that whole nations should fight year after year,

for the sake of one woman, and that the Trojans should allow the city to be beleaguered when her surrender would have set every thing straight at once. He therefore caught eagerly at another version of the story, which said that Helen, instead of being at Troy, was detained at the court of Proteus, King of Egypt. The same disbelief of the myth led Thucydides quietly to ignore the legend entirely.

It was not until the last century that scholars carefully examined the Troad, and the researches since made by Le Chevalier, Choiseul-Gouffier, Leake, Texier, Forchhammer, Von Hahn, and Tozer, extending to the very time of Dr. Schliemann's excavations, are by most scholars considered to establish, beyond dispute, that the spot chosen by the ancients to represent the Ilium of their legends was at Bali-dagh, near Bunarbashi.

The requirements of the site, as described in the "Iliad," are, that it should be lofty, craggy, and very conspicuous, with two rivers flowing in front and parallel to one another for some distance, then joining their waters and emptying into the Hellespont. Two fountains should also be in front of it, and form the joint source of one of these rivers. The site of Ilium should be sufficiently far from the sea to allow of the movement of two large armies, and should command a view of the entire length of the plain before it, and have a smaller plain behind it. There should be in front of it first a hillock, and farther on a high tumulus.

The Bali-dagh, near the modern village of Bunarbashi, fulfills the requirements in every respect. But some learned men prefer to regard Hissarlik as the site of Homeric Ilium, though it does not answer all the demands of the "Iliad." The situation of the rivers is not as described. There are no sources in front of it; the site is not lofty; it has no craggy acropolis; the smaller plain is wanting; there is no tumulus; and the position is too near the sea now, and must have been much nearer two or three thousand years ago, as on this coast the land is gradually encroaching on the sea. Dr. Schliemann, nevertheless, chose to dig at Hissarlik.

If the excavations had brought to light a city in every respect resembling the one described in the Homeric poems, there would be some reason for considering all these objections entirely outweighed. Such, however, is not the case, and Dr. Schliemann takes refuge in a number of bold hypotheses to establish the identity of the habitation which he has exhumed with the city which the ancient Greeks destroyed. His main argument is, that Homer, if there was such a person, arrived at Troy long after its destruction, and as it was buried under ruins, and covered by a new town, was not able to see the citadel of Ilium, the Scean gates, the large wall, the palace of Priam, and other characteristics of the city which he describes. "Homer made no excavations," says Dr. Schliemann, "to bring these monuments to light," and we must, therefore, be lenient with the poet for having failed to compose his poems in accordance with the requirements of Dr. Schliemann's excavations. In short, Dr.

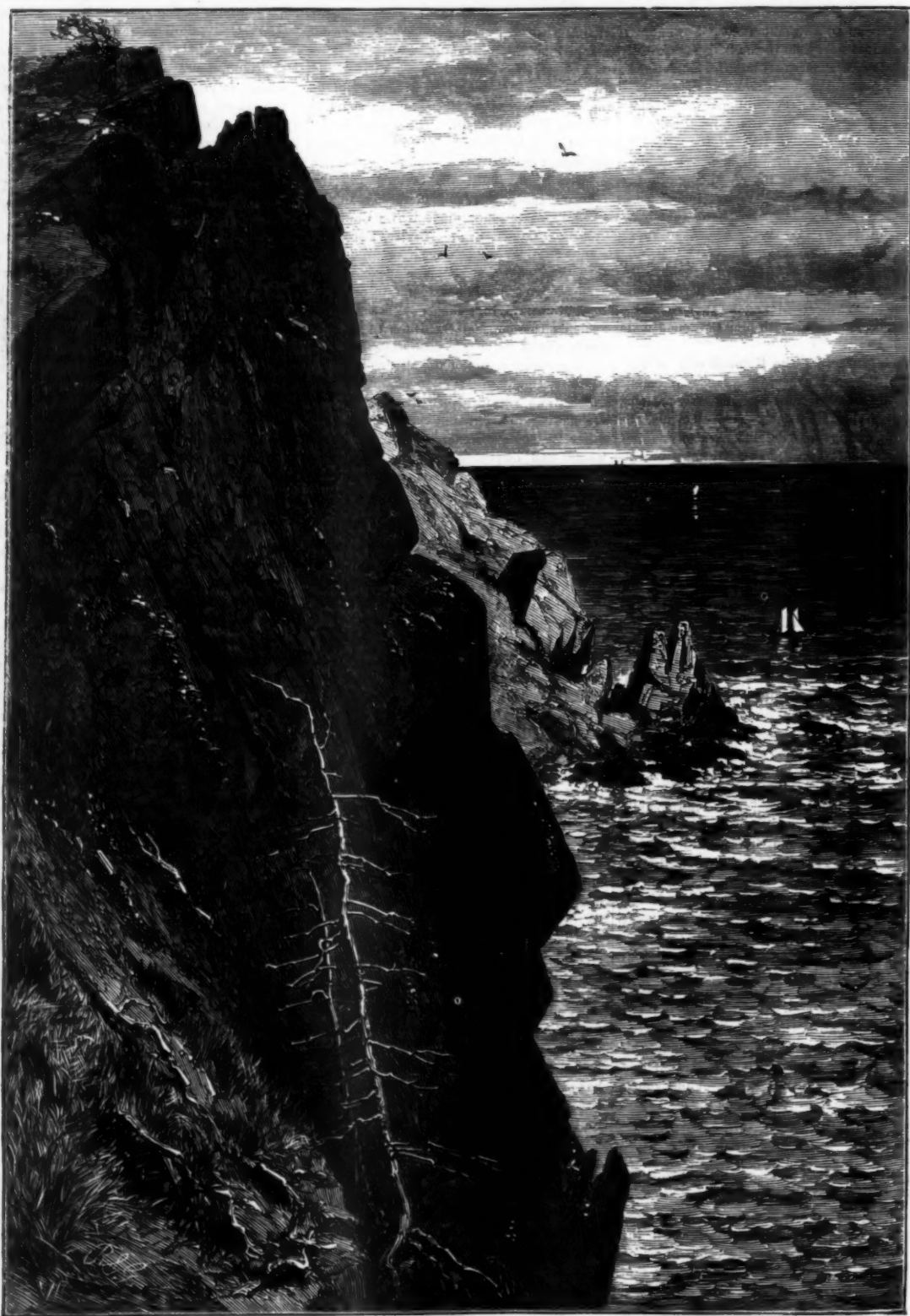
Schliemann wishes us to conclude that if there are remarkable discrepancies between his and Homer's Troy, it is the poet and not the excavator who must be charged with them. It would, however, seem that, if some one wished to prove that he found the vestiges of the ark of Noah, his task would be to show that his "find" answers the Biblical description of it, and not that there are reasons why that description could not be given as the object found required. Dr. Schliemann is to be judged by Homer, and not Homer by Dr. Schliemann.

As Homer had not seen the Scean gates, and was not aware that they were right under his feet, and as he perhaps represented to himself the city of Troy much larger than it really was, we need not, according to Dr. Schliemann, feel surprised at the statement that Hector descended from the palace and ran through the city to reach the Scean gates; while, as the excavations show, the gates as well as the citadel were immediately in front of the royal mansion. While the gates found by Dr. Schliemann must be identified as the Homeric Scean gates, from the fact of their having stood near the king's palace, it is evident that a large house which he excavated was the king's palace, from the fact that it stood near the Scean gates. Homer speaks of altars and several religious ceremonies of the ancient Trojans, but, as Dr. Schliemann has not discovered any altars at Hissarlik, it must be concluded that there were none, and that the poet had introduced them from his fancy. "I am exceedingly sorry," says Dr. Schliemann, toward the end of his account of the "*Trojanische Alterthümer*," "that I am obliged to make such a small plan of Troy; I wished I could make it a thousand times larger. But I regard the truth above all, and I am glad that, by means of my excavations during the last three years, I have uncovered the Homeric Troy, though on a smaller scale, and that I have proved that the 'Iliad' is really founded on fact."

It is very much to be regretted that Dr. Schliemann thus wilfully places himself as an obstacle in the way of science. If he discovered Homeric Troy, there are plenty of excellent scholars of the Homeric poems, and competent judges of Grecian and other antiquities, who would hail him as the discoverer of it as soon as their judgment permits them to do so. Instead of hastening the day of his triumph, he has only retarded its coming by the wild suggestions which he has thrust between the students of antiquity and his wonderful discoveries. It may be that, instead of Homeric Troy, he has unearthed a Lydian citadel, or a Phœnician trading-post, or a Hunnic settlement. Egyptologists are inclined to consider the excavated town as a stronghold of the ancient inhabitants of the isles and coasts of the Great Sea—that is, the Mediterranean, who are mentioned in the monuments of Pharaoh Thothmes III., of the seventeenth century B. C.; but no matter what the final verdict will be, Dr. Schliemann's self-sacrificing labors will always be looked upon with respect and admiration.

G. A. F. VAN RYB.

* See Max Müller, "Science of Language," Second Series, p. 490.



CASTLE CLIFF, GRAND MENAN.—SEE PAGE 548.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER XV.

NEXT MORNING.

It is not bright sunshine as it was yesterday. I look out of my bedroom-window and I see a gray veil of driving rain between me and those far-off hills, but still I can make out that they are there, and also I see my friend the melancholy far-stretching heights. Madame La Peyre told me last night it is called Dartmoor. I wish it were not so far off; it seems to draw me to it with a strange fascination, and yet I usually shrink from sadness.

Is a fresh grief to come to me in Merdon?

I go down-stairs and find madame at the breakfast-table. She has not any pink ribbons in her cap, it is muslin edged with lace. She kisses me so tenderly.

"I hope you have slept well, my child. You see," she points to the breakfast-table, "I conform to English habits. I lived so many years in England in my youth that I have never given up some of its fashions."

And then I blush, for I feel that in one quick, rapid glance, Madame La Peyre has taken a survey of my face and my dress.

I look round with a feeling of relief.

When I said a hurried good-by to Captain Brand last night, I had a dread that he would reappear. I am so glad he has gone without lecturing me, as I expected he would, about my conduct at Château Fontaine.

I do not know whether it is right or wrong, but, when I am not scolded for any thing I feel guilty about, I lose any misgiving I may have had, and feel quite justified in conduct. I suppose I have not any real conscience.

Last night I told Madame La Peyre all about my home in Tasmania. She would not let me speak of my journey. She said, with her sweet, bright smile, that I must never take sad thoughts to bed with me.

"You have slept well, my sweet child," she says, this morning; "your eyes tell me so. I shall have to freshen myself up, Gertrude, to keep pace with your young spirits!"

And then she gives me as mischievous a glance from beneath her eyelashes as if she were seventeen.

"My dear," she says, confidentially, when Angélique has taken away the breakfast, "that is a very young guardian for you; very young, and very good-looking."

She gives me a quick little look, while she arranges some flowers in a vase.

"Young! why Captain Brand is quite middle-aged." I was going to say old, but a look at madame's gray hair checked me; and I think him plain."

Madame La Peyre laughs softly to herself. I fancy she has a way of doing this; it

makes me a little shy of her. I hope she is not satirical.

"Captain Brand is thirty at the most," she says, quietly, "and he is a very fine man, with a good and noble countenance."

"I have not looked at him much," and then I feel my face flush, and Madame La Peyre is looking at me curiously; but I am sure she does not know any thing about the marriage. I hope Captain Brand will not tell her when he comes back; he is coming to see me before he sails again. I must take care not to leave him alone with Madame La Peyre, and then he cannot—or I will tell him I wish it kept secret.

Madame goes away to her invalid, and comes back with some embroidery, such delicate beautiful work; how skillful she is at it!

"We have only nine rooms in this farmhouse, Gertrude, so you must be content when you are indoors to sit in your bedroom. You shall go and see Mrs. Dayrell, but I do not think it good for you to be much with so very ill a person. Now, I want to hear how you like Château Fontaine."

"It is delightful. I can't tell you how fond I am of the abbé. I like every thing in it except Rosalie."

Madame La Peyre laughed.

"Rosalie is the most harmless creature possible; the poor child was born at Château Fontaine, and she is privileged because she has not quite the same wits as others. Do not let Angélique know that you dislike Rosalie, she is her only and well-beloved child."

I did not answer. It seemed to me that Madame La Peyre studied her servants too much, and Rosalie was more than ever repulsive to me now that I knew she was half-witted.

"And my brother's pupil, was he not at Château Fontaine?"

"Yes."

Madame La Peyre looked up from her needle-work, but I dared not meet her eyes. A sudden rush of warm color swept upward to my very temples.

I could not sit there beside her quick, observant eyes. I jumped up and knelt on the cushioned seat so that I could look out of the window. I could not see the hills from it; I only saw a small garden stuffed so full of flowers and box that it looked choked. It was hedged by a thick wall of holly.

"Well"—Madame La Peyre had waited a little—"and how do you like Monsieur de Vancresson?"

The question was confusing, but there was something that at once put me at ease with Madame La Peyre. I had not seen many people, but still at luncheon at home I had often seen mothers with their daughters and middle-aged ladies, and it occurred to me that these ladies had never talked to me about gentlemen. I felt Madame La Peyre's question to be more in consonance with my own age than with hers.

"I like him very much," but I still looked out of the window.

"He is a great favorite of mine," she said. "He is so handsome, and he knows so well how to behave to women, and young men of his age do not always know this, Gertrude."

I am sure he was very courteous to you, was he not?"

"Oh, yes."

"Ah! but for the Revolution, he would have a fine property; but, though there are fine estates, the family will never recover all that once belonged to them. It is a sad position to be of the *haute noblesse*, and to have small means."

"Is Monsieur de Vancresson the head of his family?"

"Yes, he is, but his mother rules, and will rule every thing till he is five-and-twenty. She is a clever woman, but so haughty and determined. I think, Gertrude, women should be gentle, and sweet, and yielding; they should never choose for themselves."

I do not know what possessed me; I think it was that the warmth and brightness of her manner drew me on to confidence, spite of myself.

"May they not choose their husbands?" I said it saucily, but I felt my cheeks glow, and mine is such a colorless face that blushing betrays me more than if I had rosy cheeks.

Madame La Peyre let her embroidery fall in her lap, and looked at me in gentle wonder. "My child, you are not serious; it is not possible that my excellent friend has brought her daughters up with false ideas. In the lower class of life women may choose for themselves, but even then the affair is usually arranged by their parents; but for you it would be impossible."

I looked at her.

"Do you mean, madame, that it is better not to choose for one's self? did you not choose Monsieur La Peyre?" I spoke stubbornly. I felt in worse bondage than ever. She raised her eyebrows with a little gentle surprise.

"I never saw Monsieur La Peyre till my mother presented him to me as my future husband. A young girl must not think about love, or marriage either, till it becomes her duty to do so."

"Love is not a duty," I said, passionately, "it is a natural feeling, which comes all at once of itself."

I did not look at Madame La Peyre this time. I stared hard into the holly-hedge, and became aware that I had behaved like a goose.

Instead of getting my new guardian on my side—and how easily I can make people like me if I try!—I am only tightening my chain. She will, of course, consider my opinions dangerous and unsuitable, and will uphold my marriage if she hears of it. If I had only been quiet and gentle, I might have won her to my side, for I am sure she is gentle and loving.

I knelt upon the cushioned seat and waited for a lecture; but it did not come. Instead, I heard a little soft sigh.

I looked down into Madame La Peyre's face, and I saw her sweet, dark eyes swimming with tears.

People may say what they choose, I think when the eyes are sweet in middle age it is a sweetness far beyond any youthful beauty, it has such a steadfast charm; you are not afraid that it will be chased by an impatient frown,

or a pouting under-lip, or a fretful droop of the whole countenance.

"My poor, dear Gertrude," she says so tenderly, that I slide down into the seat beside her, almost without my own will. "You have been thrown on the world too young; it is terrible for a woman!"

She puts her arm round me, and I nestle my head on her shoulder. For an instant I seem to have found my mother again.

Presently she says, softly:

"How old are you, Gertrude?"

"I was sixteen last January."

"And Eugène is twenty—poor, dear children!"

I am silent; I feel that Madame La Peyre knows my secret, and that she sympathizes with it. If I had remembered Eugène's promised letter at that moment, I should have told her of it.

"It is always unfortunate," she says, after a little, "when love comes before marriage; it is better that the husband's image should be the first that reflects itself in the heart of a young girl."

I am rebellious, but I cannot look at her. I cover my face with my hands.

"I only believe in first love, madame, and I will never marry where I do not love."

Madame La Peyre bends over me and strokes my hair. "You are a dear child, Gertrude, but you are more impulsive than your mother was."

The door opens, and Angélique comes in, and hands a note to Madame La Peyre. She seems to me still more remarkable-looking than I had thought her yesterday. She is very grave, but there is no sternness in her face. Her eyes are usually downcast; but she raises them as she speaks to her mistress, and they look quite lovingly at her. She is, I think, perfectly unconscious of her own distinguished appearance. She moves quietly about the room, doing humble little menial offices, while she waits for an answer to the note.

"I will not write"—Madame La Peyre looks up at her tall maid. "You can say that mademoiselle will pay a visit to madame very soon."

Angélique goes out of the room without looking at me. "I think Angélique is too dignified for a servant," I say to Madame La Peyre.

Again she laughs in the soft, silent way which so disconcerts me.

"You do not understand la mère Angélique. She is as unconscious of her dignity as she is unconscious that any one could think her worthy of notice. If you were sick or sorrowful, Gertrude, then she would make you the chief object of her care; but she sees you young, and bright, and happy, and I have no doubt she will pray for you, my child."

I remember Rosalie's warning.

"She is a kind of saint, is she not?" I said it mockingly, for my idea of a saint at that time was of a person who said long prayers, and sat in judgment on his or her neighbors.

"She does not think herself one; but I shall leave you and Angélique to make friends as you please. Now, if you are willing, we will go to my invalid, Madame Dayrell."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE INVALID.

MADAME DAYRELL'S room is opposite to mine, on the other side of the gallery.

"How is she, your sister, madame?" I ask, as we go up-stairs.

"My husband's mother married twice. Her second husband was an Englishman—Mr. Dayrell. This lady married my half brother-in-law, Henry Dayrell."

"She is English, then?"

Madame nods, and opens the door.

It is a large, pleasant room, but I scarcely see any thing in it except the invalid. Mrs. Dayrell lies on a sofa near the open window. She looks young, and as if she had been beautiful; but she is too wasted and haggard for beauty now. She has large, blue eyes, but there is a wild, dilated expression in them which troubles me; her long, fair hair streams round her shoulders, and sets her face in a golden frame. I suppose she has had a good complexion, but it is too hectic now. There is a painful unrest in her whole face which to me destroys its charm.

She looks at me discontentedly.

"Is this thy Gertrude?" she says to Madame La Peyre. Then to me: "Why did you not come to see me sooner? I thought you were a little girl—a child—not a grown-up person. Ah! I don't believe any one ever had so many disappointments as I have had."

I stood still and felt very uncomfortable, but Madame La Peyre goes to the sofa, turns the cushions under Mrs. Dayrell's shoulders, and speaks, in a bright voice:

"Is she not a tall girl for sixteen, my Barbara? but look at her eyes, and thou wilt not be disappointed—they are childish enough. My idea is that we shall not succeed in making her a *femme raisonnable*. What dost thou think? is it worth while to try?"

Such a mocking smile curves Mrs. Dayrell's lips.

"I do not see how thou canst try." She speaks French to Madame La Peyre. "It is only the world and the bondage of society that do either, and she will find neither restraint nor society here."

The first troubled look I have seen comes on Madame La Peyre's face.

"But yet, my Barbara, she will find restraints here, as she will everywhere; it is not good for us women to be without them."

The flush deepens on Mrs. Dayrell's face.

"Are you going to let Angélique preach to her?" she says, so bitterly that I look up at Madame La Peyre with a sudden suspicion that Mrs. Dayrell is unkindly treated. Madame smiles at me.

"I do not think Angélique preaches, Barbara; this little Gertrude has not thy powers of argument. She and Angélique will live side by side all tranquilly. I fancy she will only get preached to if she tears her gowns among the Tors, and it seems to me probable that this may happen. *Allons*, my child, we will go and make acquaintance with Merton. As yet you have only seen it through the window."

I followed her to the door.

"Come back here." Mrs. Dayrell speaks

in so despotic a manner that I obey at once. "Stoop down, child;" and then she whispers, "Come by yourself next time."

Madame La Peyre has not even looked back; she stands holding the door open for me to pass out. I feel very uncomfortable. There is something weird and painful in the look of those strained eyes, and that long, lifeless figure, with its white drapery, and fair, flowing hair.

Is Mrs. Dayrell mad, I wonder, and is Angélique her keeper? She looks unhappy and haughty, but I do not think she is mad. I try to speak of her to Madame La Peyre when at last we go out of the house, but she does not hear what I say; she is looking instead at the little gate of the church-yard. Some one is sitting there, but he does not see us; at least, I think he does not, for he comes down the steps whistling, with his hands in his pockets, and takes the road that curves round toward the station.

"Who is that?" The sight of that youth—I do not think he is much older than Eugène—cheers me, for Mrs. Dayrell's description of Merton life has made me feel dull.

"That is our squire here, Mr. Frank Newton; but this is not his only property, so we do not see much of him."

"He calls on you sometimes, then?"

Madame La Peyre considers me with one of those provoking smiles, and then she says, quietly, "Yes, he called two days ago with his tutor to say 'Good-by.'"

I feel rather vexed—I do not know why. I certainly have plenty to think of, and I have to look forward to Eugène's letter. Why do I trouble myself about that youth? He is short, and he has red cheeks and black whiskers, and I do not like rosy-faced men, they are so like apples. But Merton will be very dull if there is nothing young in it. I want to go scrambling among those gray rocks I see, but I cannot expect Madame La Peyre to scramble, and it is not much fun to scramble by one's self.

We walk past the church in silence.

It occurs to me I may as well find out where I shall have to ask for Eugène's letter.

"Which is the post-office, madame?"

"We have passed it."

I suppose I look disappointed, for she turns back at once, and leads the way to one of the cottages, with the apple-tree before its window.

She pushes open the garden-gate and goes in. The letter-box is fixed just beside the open window. An old, sunburnt man stands beside a desk here, but he is so eagerly intent on speaking to some one within the room that he does not even hear our footsteps outside.

Madame La Peyre stops beneath the window.

"I should like for to know what a papist can tell about the good God, as ye call He, tellin' I as lumbago be sent for good!—Tellee tain't; pain, and sin, and ill-favoredness, is all bad—no good in any of they. Ne'er a one o' the three comes from above; they's sent direct from t'other place!"

"My good Samuel," comes in Angélique's calm, clear, broken English, "I am grieve to have vex you; instead, I wish to give you comfort, believe me. Will you that I come

this night and put to your lumbago one famous plaster, which I have the great secret to make?"

Samuel growls to himself, but I see him shake his head.

"Ee means well; but, Mrs. Angelick, I be goin' seventy, an' I be not a-goin' to try new remedies at my years. Jint-ile did for my father and my grandfather afore he. No offense to ye, ma'am, but it 'ud be putting too great an affront on they to give in to furrin doctoring. Jint-ile I sticks by; it be all the cure I looks to."

"It is no offense, my good Samuel, and I wish that you may not suffer beyond your power to bear it. Adieu."

Angélique comes out of the door, but she disappears into the next cottage.

"Drat the woman!"—Samuel does not yet see us so near the window—"hur don't think small beer o' hursself. Can't hur see hur ain't got the right way o' looking at the complaint. I says lumbago be a cuss, and hur say it be a blessin'. If hur goes a-docrin' lumbago for a blessin', safe as a bank 'twill turn it to a cuss. Drat all papists! it's always their way!"

Madame La Peyre nods at me, and we go in at the door. This opens into a large, square room, floored with the same kind of stone that I had noticed at Madame La Peyre's, and which madame told me was lime-ash. There is the same large open fireplace, but no fire in it; and on the mantel-shelf above, and in a corner cupboard beneath the window, I see some quaint-looking blue-and-white crockery. The window attracts me; a table filled with flowers stands beneath it, and in the centre of these is a creeping plant I never saw before, covered with blue bell-shaped blossoms. I turn round to ask Madame La Peyre its name, but she has gone into the office through an open door-way on the right. The view is so lovely from the window that I wonder how Samuel can block it out, even with flowers. I go in to look at Samuel.

He is quite different to what I expected. Tall, thin, and reverend-looking, with white hair, and a clear, sunburnt face. His eyes are small, and set too near together, and his lips press each other so tightly that they are colorless; but he looks incapable of uttering the harsh judgment he passed on Angélique just now.

Madame La Peyre must have been speaking of me, for, when I came in, she says:

"Here is the young lady, Samuel; she only left my brother yesterday. You know Monsieur l'Abbé, do you not, Samuel?"

I think I see his face twist as he bows over his desk to Madame La Peyre. I wonder he does not offer us chairs.

"Has the young lady any pitted business with the post-office?" He gives me such a keen look that I feel myself blushing.

"She will have letters," says madame, sweetly.—"Your father will write to you, Gertrude, and your sisters?"

"Yes;" and then a rapid thought comes to help me. "Mr. Samuel, I prefer to come and get my letters myself. They will be addressed to the post-office to Miss Stewart or Miss Gertrude Stewart."

I see Samuel's eyes give a sudden twinkle, and he looks hard at Madame La Peyre, but she is not watching him. She laughs at me, and says, teasingly:

"You strange girl; I suppose you think it will be a little daily event to come here and ask for your letters; but you will have to write and give your new address."

"Oh, no; I have given it already. I have so few correspondents that I shall scarcely need to come once a week even; but still I prefer to come myself." I look very decidedly at Samuel, and I do not like his face. It seems to me my frankness must silence his suspicions, but he half closes one eye as he listens.

ON THE SANDS.

I WROTE on the marge of the sea, to-day,
A name to my heart most sweet,
But the rude waves washed the words away
Ere the line could stand complete.

Then I cried to the jealous sea: "Forbear
To mar what in love I trace!
Thy signs are around me everywhere—
Give mine but a little space!"

"Forbear, in thy pride, to dash the name
I love from thy glittering sand;
The meed is light that I ask of Fame,
That on thy brow it may stand."

And I wrote again with eager haste,
The name I had writ before;
But my labor and love were only waste,
On the shifting, sparkling shore.

The sea, with a victor's mocking shout,
Marched over the sands again,
And the precious name was trampled out,
Like a dream that dies in pain!

And like the vanished trace on the beach,
Of the darling name I wrote,
The echoes will die of my tuneful speech,
As into silence they float.

My song at the sea is ended now,
And leaves on its sands no name—
God's fingers only furrow its brow,
God's breath in its voice is Fame!

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

MISCELLANY.

MINOR ORIGINAL ARTICLES, TRANSLATIONS, AND SELECTIONS.

ISLAND OF GRAND MENAN.

SEE ILLUSTRATION ON PAGE 500.

THE rocky cliffs of the coast of Maine have within recent years attained an unwonted notoriety. Mount Desert, as a place of summer resort, threatens to rival Newport and the White Mountains. A few years ago the beauty of its mountains and the picturesque ruggedness of its shores were little known, but now the lovers of the wild and the romantic throng every summer in great numbers to enjoy its singular charms. It is the only place along our coast where mountain, and cliff, and sea, are united in the scenic make-up.

But already visitors to Mount Desert hear of grander and more rugged cliffs that mark the shores of an island lying some eighty

miles to the northward; and whispers are uttered of a popular future of a place that hitherto has been scarcely known excepting to a few fishermen. This island is called Grand Menan. It lies a little southeast of Eastport, is some twenty miles in length and about five miles in width. Unlike Mount Desert, there are no mountains, but the shores lift in tall, weird, scarred, and singularly-marked cliffs and escarpments. The highest part of the island is at the northern end, where the cliffs rise to a height of four hundred feet. At the southern extremity they are about a hundred feet less in height.

Menan is an Indian word, meaning island. Champlain, in 1605, passed the island in one of his voyages, and speaks of it as *Manthane*, but in another instance calls it *Maname*. Down to the period of the Revolution it was inhabited only by Indians, but now a number of fishermen's villages have grown up on its shores, the total number of its inhabitants being set down at eighteen hundred. There are sailing-packets connecting with the place once a week. The distance is very short—not more than nine miles—yet it sometimes takes a week to get across the comparatively narrow channel. Fogs abound here; the tides are terribly swift and strong; gales are frequent; and these unite to retard the progress of a sailing-vessel. When the big hotels go up, regular steamers will, of course, remove this difficulty, and render the island easily accessible.

There is a fascination in huge, sea-washed cliffs surpassing almost any thing else in Nature. The sea chafes incessantly at their bases, tearing down masses of cyclopean rocks into their depths, eating out channels, and caves, and long galleries, carving out pinnacles and strange fantastic monuments—the rocks forever set hard and defiant against the restless waves, and the waves forever gaining something upon the frowning wall. Then, the wild-birds that hover about the rocky eminences; the strange marine creatures that find habitation in the caves and recesses; the fogs that come up from the sea and envelop crag and highland, sail and cove, sky and space, in their dense shroud; the breezes that blow rich with the salted flavor of the Atlantic, and fill the lungs with an ecstatic glow, like that of champagne in the blood; the freshness, the breeziness, the expanse, the wild ruggedness, the untamed chafing of the sea, and the untamed defiance of the rocks; the sails that come and go with such free and exultant spirit—all these things make up a scenic drama full of delicious charm. For the artist, the sportsman, the adventurer, the shores of Menan are a great attraction; by-and-by they will become famous with the great multitude of pleasure-seekers.

A ROYAL BUFFALO-HUNT.

A BUFFALO-HUNT in Germany, and, moreover, one in which a great soldier and future emperor plays the leading part, is so rare an event that I believe the reader will be a little interested in the following narrative written by an eye-witness:

Buffaloes, which once were so numerous in the vast forests of Germany that they afforded food to a majority of the population, and that they are mentioned, as the best game to hunt there, in Cæsar's "Commentaries," in Tacitus's "Germania," and in the "Nibelungen," are now entirely extinct in Germany, and, indeed, all over the European Continent, except in the vast Bialovitz Forest, in Russian Lithuania, where there is still a herd of wild buffaloes. This herd is watched over by the government with the most tender solicitude, and heavy penalties are threatened against whosoever should slay one of the rare

animals. From this Lithuanian herd have been taken all the buffaloes now to be found in the zoological gardens of the Continent, and, since 1865, an attempt has been made by the greatest of German Nimrods, the wealthy Prince Henry de Pless, to reintroduce the buffalo in its original state in his vast forests near Kattowitz, in Upper Silesia. These forests are surrounded by fences upward of one hundred and fifty miles in length, and they contain a vast quantity of game—especially wild-boars, stags, hares, a few bears, etc.—and annually a great hunt is held here, to which always some of the crowned heads of Germany are invited. Since 1865, the four buffaloes which the Prince de Pless obtained from Lithuania have increased to such an extent that there are now over twenty of them, and it is believed that, with due protection and care, this will be the starting-point for repopulating the forests of Northern and Eastern Germany with buffaloes.

Two years ago the Emperor William participated in the buffalo-hunt held in the forests of Kattowitz. This year it was the Crown-prince Frederick William, who made his appearance at half-past nine o'clock A. M. He was dressed in the ordinary green hunting-costume, which was very becoming to him, and was attended by a numerous suite, among whom I noticed Minister Count Eulenbourg, and several other high dignitaries. Everybody was in fine spirits, and looked forward in eager suspense to the exciting though somewhat dangerous sport.

The hunt was about to begin in the usual way—that is to say, a large number of so-called "drivers" were to go in quest of some of the buffaloes, separate two or three of them, and drive them then by means of wild shouts and bugle-flourishes toward where the imperial hunting-party was stationed. But the crown-prince declared that he disliked that kind of sport. He said it was too easy, and not exciting enough. He would greatly prefer to go himself with his dogs in search of one of these monarchs of the forest, and brave them single-handed. Earnest remonstrances against this course were laughingly rejected, and his imperial highness, followed by a few attendants, among whom was the writer, set out at a brisk pace into the frowning thicket. The day was cloudy and gloomy, and the forest presented a most sombre aspect. Profound silence was preserved as we sped on through the crooked alleys of ancient trees, and hurried forward over paths rarely trodden by any creature but the furred inhabitants of the woods. Every now and then a deer would rush past us, presenting an inviting aim for our rifles, but safe, because no game was to be fired at until at least one of the buffaloes had been slain. Once, about twenty wild-boars were startled out of their resting-places by our approach; but, not being attacked by us, they ran away at great speed, expressing their disgust only by loud and angry grunts. Their turn was to come later in the day.

All this time the tall form of the crown-prince headed our column, uttering only now and then a few whispered reassuring words to his favorite dogs, who were naturally chafing, as the line by which they were tied prevented them from going for the lower kinds of game which so frequently appeared very close to us.

At last, one of the attendants, a tall, gigantic man, who had accompanied his master, the Prince de Pless, on his hunting-excursions in Egypt, Eastern Africa, etc., motioned us to stand still. He fixed his eyes attentively on the ground, and then whispered to the crown-prince that the scent of the buffalo was there quite fresh, and that we might expect any moment to fall in with some members of the herd. Our progress now became more cautious, and at length, just as the sombre forest assumed a somewhat brighter as-

pect, and we approached a small clearing, our eyes fell upon four buffaloes. One was a most noble specimen of the race—by far the largest animal of the kind I had ever seen. When the dogs caught sight of the buffaloes, which as yet were quietly browsing the moss-grown ground, they broke into fierce barking. The buffaloes raised their heads and snuffed the air, and then three of them scampered off. The fourth buffalo, the above-mentioned gigantic animal, seemed undecided what to do; but he was at once attacked by our dogs, whom he fought furiously. Then he, too, gave way and retired gallantly fighting into the thicket; but there he was met by some of the attendants, who scared him away by loud bugle-blasts, to which he responded by a terrific roar—now shaking his immense head and mane, now furiously driving back the indefatigable dogs with his horns. Meanwhile the crown-prince, who, according to etiquette, was alone to fire at the buffalo, had cautiously approached him closer and closer, and suddenly he stood only about twenty feet from him. The buffalo, who by this time had been fairly maddened, did not notice the crown-prince until now, and suddenly rushed furiously at him, but a bullet from the prince's rifle—the first shot fired during the day—arrested the majestic animal in its headlong course. The aim had been well taken, the fatal bullet had entered the buffalo's breast. Two more shots finished him. Then we all of us looked at the slain monster. The crown-prince could hardly restrain his triumphant joy, because of his unexpected good luck. He said his father, the emperor, had killed a buffalo, two years before, in the same forest; but the animal had been considerably smaller than the one killed on this occasion. Then the bugles sounded the signal, "Buffalo killed!" There were distant responses from the other hunting-parties; and the first and most interesting part of the day's chase was over. . . . —From the German.

SPANIARDS.

I.—CARLISTS.

I was indebted to my Spanish teacher, once a Spanish nobleman, for my first clear knowledge of the Carlist struggle. The old Salique law, which prevented any woman from ascending the Spanish throne, having been abrogated by Ferdinand, the last king of that country, who left the crown to his daughter Isabella, under the regency of her mother, Maria Christina, whose partisans were called Christinos, Don Carlos, the king's brother, and the direct male heir, resisted this change.

The constitutional government established by the Christinos, bringing all under one general law, did away with the ancient *fue-ros*, or privileges of the provinces.

This was especially resented by the Biscay provinces, whose inhabitants had been left to enjoy great freedom among, and most probably on account of, their mountains.

They therefore presented the singular spectacle of a free people ready at any time to take up arms for absolute kings, because this absolutism had never burdened them.

The career of my informant was a good illustration of the recent history of Spain.

He had begun life as an Andalusian noble, and naturally espoused the cause of Don Carlos. Becoming one of "the king's" staff-officers, his position was excellent for observing every thing, and his account of a Carlist camp at that time was exceedingly interesting.

The old men and women, with the smaller boys and girls, remained at home to work the farms, and secure provisions for them all. The larger boys conveyed supplies to the camp, which contained all the able-bodied men.

The young women were there also to cook and keep things tidy until a fight came, when they also brought in the wounded from the battle-field, and tended them until they recovered, or until they passed away.

The usual loose license of a camp had no existence there. Every young woman was just as safe from harm or insult among her relatives and friends in camp as she would have been in her own home.

One day, as my informant, with the rest of the staff, was riding with "the king" along a narrow road among the mountains, they met an old woman, bowed down with age and grief, walking in front of a rough hand-barrow, borne by four young women, on which lay a fine-looking young man who seemed badly wounded.

The clatter of the horses' hoofs roused the aged mourner, who raised her head as the horsemen reined aside to make room in the narrow road.

"The king," raising his hat, said:

"Mother, is this your son?"

The old woman turned toward him her fine, though wrinkled face, and, seeing who it was, saluted him and answered:

"Yes, your majesty."

"He seems badly wounded."

"Yes; he is dying, and he is the second son that I have thus lost, my only consolation being that I have one more still left for the service of your majesty."

Bending down her head again, she moved on as before with her sad train, while all the horsemen remained uncovered till they passed.

Of course, with such devotion as this, Don Carlos had them and theirs always at his command. Whenever he chose to raise his standard, he never lacked for hardy soldiers. Their mountains offered a secure base for operations, insuring them a safe retreat, while their extended seaboard put them in communication with all the world, and gave them an amount of supplies limited only by their power to purchase.

My informant, while in command of a body of troops, was obliged, in order to avoid capture, to cross the Portuguese frontier. He and his men were disarmed and imprisoned.

For two years he tried in vain to free his men. Then, feeling he had done his whole duty toward them, he secured his own escape and went to England. Thence he gained the Continent, and finally settled at Paris.

II.—CUCHILLOS.

THE national weapon of the Spaniards is the knife, and certainly they know how to use it. Talking one day with a young man who seemed likely to know, I asked him what there was peculiar in the management of the knife.

"Why," said he, with a smile, "I could kill you, and you couldn't kill me."

"Well," said I, "please point out the difference between us. What would you do first?"

"Why, I'd make you wink, and stab you while you winked!"

"How would you make me wink?"

"Why, so," said he, throwing up his left hand near my eyes.

"Well, I could do the same."

"Try it," said he.

I tried, and found it impossible to make him wink, though I passed my hand up and down several times so as almost to touch his eyelashes.

His bright, black eyes looked out at me unflinchingly all the while. It was clear that his eyes were educated, and that mine were not.

I then asked if there was any possibility of an unarmed man's defending himself against one armed with a knife.

"Oh, yes," said he, "I'll show you;" and, in an instant, whipping off his coat, he held the end of one sleeve firmly in his left hand, wrapping the rest of the coat rapidly around his forearm, and, bringing the end of the other sleeve also into his left hand, where it was firmly held, binding together the whole mass, which formed a sufficient defense against the thrust of any ordinary knife.

I then recollected that one of the marks of the men of the Puerta del Sol, at Madrid—which answers to our Bowery—was a slashed cloak, evidently not so honorable in its origin as a "slashed doublet" of the olden time.

The use of the knife appears to be so ingrained into Spanish history and habits that one mode of expressing the idea of being "lord of a manor" was "tener horca y cuchillo"—"to hold the gallows and the knife."

III.—SPANISH PRIDE.

NATIONAL pride is very general, but that of the Spaniards seems to tower above the average. The sea which nearly surrounds Spain, and the rugged mountain-chains that cut off intercourse to a great degree between the different provinces, have given them almost insular prejudices, and afford another illustration of the truth that those who mix least with others have the highest ideas of their own importance.

A Spanish gentleman once, in conversation, claimed, what has been so often claimed for other languages, that it could express more in small compass than any other. I asked him to quote the most striking illustration he could recollect.

"Why," said he, "when a man is prepared to meet any consequences, and, stretching out his arm, says, 'Ojalá,' no other language can express that idea so condensedly."

I told him he was mistaken, for we could say "Be it so," and thus express the same idea in the same number of syllables.

The Duke of Wellington used to say, "To boast of Spain's strength is the national weakness."

A Castilian preacher went so far, on one occasion, as to remark to his congregation that when our Saviour was tempted by Satan, who showed him all the kingdoms of the earth, it was a very fortunate circumstance that the Pyrenees hid Spain from his view, or we do not know what might have happened.

One of their common proverbs says: "Quien dice España dice todo"—"He who says Spain says every thing."

Another says: "German is the language of hogs; English, of horses; French, of the ladies; Italian, of the angels; but Spanish is the language of God."

Another one goes still further, and says: "Si Dios no fuese Dios sería rey de las Españas, y el de Francia su cocinero!"—"If God were not God, he would be King of Spain, and the French king his cook!"

Further than this it is difficult for human pride to go.—J. M. M.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF CAVOUR.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

SIGNOR ANTONIO MASSARI, the bosom-friend of Count Cavour, who kept up a daily correspondence with him for many years, published, a few weeks ago, at Turin, a thick volume, entitled "Il Conte di Cavour. Ricordi Biografici." This work contains numerous unpublished letters from Cavour, and cannot but create a profound sensation, not only because it throws new light on many important events in which Cavour bore a conspicuous part, but because it proves that he was even a greater, more sagacious, and far-sighted statesman than he is now generally believed to have been.

One of the most interesting chapters in the work relates to the events of the year 1852. Cavour was then Sardinian Minister of Finance, Commerce, and Agriculture. Napoleon's *coup d'état*, of December 1, 1851, had seriously alarmed him, because it might have an injurious effect upon Sardinia, and he left nothing undone to prevent the setting in of a reactionary movement in his own country. Adolphe Thiers, after his expulsion from France, had come to Turin, and Cavour had several interviews with him; but the impression they made upon one another was, strangely enough, quite unfavorable. Cavour said of Thiers: "He disappointed me seriously. I took him for an enlightened man, and I found him narrow-minded in the extreme. Italy has nothing to hope from him. There is an extreme difference of views between him and myself."

During the summer vacation, Cavour traveled in Belgium, France, and England. "In Paris," says Signor Massari, "he visited the prince-president Louis Napoleon, and met with the most distinguished reception. Louis Napoleon spoke of Piedmont and Italy in a manner plainly showing that he had their cause at heart. He made the most friendly assurances to Cavour, and dropped the remark that, by-and-by, something might be done for Piedmont; Piedmont had nothing to fear from him."

This first conversation of the count was the dawn of a beautiful day. Cavour left Napoleon with a relieved heart. He had a foreboding, almost a firm conviction, that the salvation of Italy would arise from this interview. On September 9, 1852, he wrote to General La Marmora from Paris: "I believe that my sojourn here will not be without some benefit for our country. Unless greatly mistaken, I believe I may flatter myself with having corrected many false views regarding us. The president and his ministers have received me with extreme politeness, and used toward me a language widely different from that which Buteval" (the French Ambassador at Turin) "uses toward Azeglio" (the Sardinian Minister of Foreign Affairs). "Napoleon listens with great interest to the observations addressed to him, and allows himself to be contradicted. The best way to please him is to be very plain-spoken with him."

Concerning the impression of Orsini's attempt to assassinate Napoleon, on January 14, 1858, Massari writes: "Cavour was profoundly moved and indignant beyond description, and exclaimed, upon receiving the first report, 'It is to be hoped, at least, that the perpetrators are no Italians!'"

When Cavour heard the name Orsini, he remembered that he had received some time before from one Orsini a letter, in which he professed himself a republican, and protested that he would cordially assist any Italian government, except the papal one, that would devote its army to the cause of national independence. He had, furthermore, urged Cavour, in this letter, to bring about immediate insurrections in the duchies and in the Romagna. This letter was dated Edinburgh, March 31, 1857. Cavour had not answered it, and was now very glad of it. Cavour's policy remained as loyal to his country as he himself was animated by true friendship for France and her emperor; and Napoleon knew how to appreciate the value of Cavour's Italian policy. Cavour, however, saw that the time of waiting and hoping was over, and that his policy must now be crowned by deeds; and it occurred to him that the scheme for striking the decisive blow might be best matured by oral conferences between him and Napoleon. This project was kept secret in the most rigid manner. "Not a word was breathed about it either in Paris or in Turin. It was said only that Cavour, at the close of the parliamentary session, would make an excursion across the

Alps to recruit his health. In the latter part of July, 1858, Cavour went to Geneva, and thence, in the strictest *incognito*, to Plombières, where Napoleon was then sojourning. Concerning the negotiations now ensuing between him and the emperor such precautions were taken that Napoleon's immediate *attachés* knew absolutely nothing about them; and, finally, the two statesmen conversed only while riding out in a carriage with no attendants. This important drive lasted several hours. Upon his return, Cavour telegraphed the result to Victor Emmanuel in cipher. Napoleon treated Cavour in the friendliest manner. It was only after this final conversation, held on July 20, 1858, that the general public found out whither Cavour had gone. The sensation was indescribable. No one knew what the object of this journey was, but its importance was divined. Before Cavour left Plombières, Napoleon received a telegram from his prime-minister, Walewski, just as Cavour was with him. After reading the dispatch, Napoleon said to him, laughing, "Walewski informs me in this dispatch that you are here!"

From Plombières Cavour went, by way of Strasbourg, to Baden-Baden, where he had a long interview, on July 22, 1858, with the Emperor William, then Prince-Regent of Prussia. "I am greatly satisfied," he wrote to La Marmora, "with the prince-regent and his ministers. The former told me that Prussia would certainly strive to get even with Austria for the humiliation the latter inflicted upon it in 1850, and by which it lost almost its entire influence in Germany. Austria counts upon the secondary German states, especially Bavaria and Saxony, which are now her devoted allies in the endless struggles at the Diet. But, in case war should break out, it is not believed that, with a view to Prussia, they would dare to declare for France."

The prince-regent, on his part, was extremely well pleased with Cavour. After his interview with the latter, William of Prussia said to a prominent diplomatist: "Count Cavour is certainly not as much of a revolutionist as people paint him;" and, a few days later, a Prussian minister said, in Berlin: "Count Cavour has decidedly conquered the prince-regent."

Cavour thenceforth left nothing undone to bring about the most cordial understanding between Piedmont, Prussia, and the remainder of the German states, and to separate the latter as much as possible from Austria. "Prussia," he wrote, "is that power in Europe which has the utmost interest in putting an end to the *status quo* in Europe. She cannot but look sympathetically upon our efforts against Austria, whose discomfiture would be highly advantageous to her. . . . The extinction of Austrian rule in Italy would be the beginning of Prussian preponderance in Germany; and the friendship of Italy would be beneficial to Prussia even with regard to its ecclesiastical affairs. Only by such an alliance would Prussia reach the great goal that is beckoning to her." These prophetic words were written in the year 1858.

Another curious chapter in Massari's important work discloses the skillful use which Cavour made of eminent women to promote the cause of Italy. Adelaide Ristori, the great tragédienne, was one of his most ardent and adroit agents in this direction, and several characteristic letters, in which Cavour thanks her warmly for her patriotic efforts in behalf of their mutual country, are published in the work.

In 1854 Justus von Liebig visited Cavour at Turin. About their interview Massari says: "During a long conversation, in which several eminent Italians participated, Cavour, with his wonted frankness, explained to Liebig the political situation of affairs in Italy, and enumerated without boastfulness, and with the

greatest simplicity, all that Piedmont had done, in order to keep reaction down, and to keep alive a glimmer of hope for the future of poor Italy. In conclusion, Cavour said, with profound grief, that he was fearful he himself might not be happy enough to participate in the regeneration of his country. Liebig replied in words of consolation and encouragement, admonished him to persevere, and said, finally, in a voice full of kindness and delicacy: "Count, do not lose heart. If, in a pile of dead and shapeless matter, there is a single organic and living molecule, that is sufficient to bring organization and life into the whole. To me it seems that this little country at the foot of the Alps is the living molecule that will overpower the force of death, and bring life and warmth into the whole remainder of the Italian Peninsula."

A PRECIOUS SANDSTONE.

To the sandstone or quartz family belong some very fine-gems. Sand, besides appearing in so many lower forms, constitutes the base of a series of precious stones, the most beautiful of which is the noble opal. That greatly-esteemed gem, when chemically considered, becomes simply a sandstone, for it consists almost entirely of uncrystallized or amorphous silica, combined with a little water.

When held between the eye and the light the opal has a peculiar, milky color, verging on semi-transparency; when viewed by reflected light, it gives off the hues of the rainbow. This prismatic quality has proved an inexplicable one to the mineralogists. By some it is thought to arise from very minute fissures in the surface of the stone; the Abbé Haüy attributes it to films of air in cavities in the interior; Brewster to interior fissures alone. And Dr. Feuchtwanger says: "It is my opinion, sufficiently plausible, that the unequal division of smaller and larger cavities, which are filled with water, produces the prismatic colors, and for the simple reason that the opal, which grows, after a while, dull and opaque, may be restored to its former beauty if put for a short time into water or oil."

The opal is found chiefly in Hungary and South America. In the former country the mines near the village of Czerwinca date from the year 1400, and were probably worked before that time. Though sometimes bearing the name "Oriental," these gems have never been native in the East within our knowledge. The ancient traders probably found the rage for foreign merchandise quite as great in their day as it is in ours, and as a consequence many Hungarian opals made a journey to the Indies, and returned thence as an Oriental production.

This gem was known to the ancients, as we learn from Pliny, who describes it as combining the colors of the ruby, the amethyst, the topaz, and the emerald. To the superstitious believers in the occult powers of gems, this combination of the attributes of so many valuable stones, gave great significance to the opal.

The maximum size of the opal is seldom greater than that of a hickory-nut, and specimens so large are very rare. Fine opals were probably even scarcer with the ancients than with us. Pliny, in describing this gem, says that it had sometimes attained the size of a hazel-nut, and speaks as though the specimens then known were rarely or never so large.

The most celebrated opal is in the Imperial Cabinet at Vienna. It measures four and three-quarter inches in length, and two and a half inches in thickness, and weighs seventeen ounces. It displays magnificent colors, and is in every respect a perfect stone.

Opals are usually cut en cabochon (or oval)

on both sides. They are brought to this form by grinding on a leaden wheel, kept dusted with flour of emery, and are then polished, with rotten-stone and water, on a wooden wheel. Lastly, they are rubbed with some slightly oily substance, such as putty, applied on a piece of wash-leather, and are then ready for mounting or setting.

The present money value of the opal can scarcely be arrived at by any fixed rule, as it largely depends on the play of colors, and that varies more or less with every stone. Ordinary specimens may be had at from four to ten dollars per carat, but for large or exceptionally fine ones the price is generally regulated by the anxiety of the purchaser. An opal exhibited at the London World's Fair in 1851, weighing five hundred and twenty-six and one-half carats, or near four and a half ounces Troy, was valued at four thousand pounds sterling. For the specimen in the Vienna Cabinet, mentioned above, a quarter of a million dollars have been offered and refused.

For the sake of completeness in our account of the opal, we will add a brief description of a few other very closely-related stones:

Of these the first in interest is the fire opal, first discovered by Humboldt, in Mexico. Unlike the "noble" kind, this is transparent, and, as its name indicates, of fiery hues. It has a high, vitreous lustre, and shows crimson and greenish reflections. Although a pretty and rare stone, it has not yet been much employed in jewelry.

The common opal is closely analogous in general constitution to the noble variety, and is often found in the same rocks as the latter. In point of beauty, however, it is greatly inferior, and is, besides, quite soft and brittle.

The hydrophane, or so-called Mexican opal, takes its name from the peculiar property of becoming transparent after immersion in water, and in that state it often displays prismatic colors of a beauty equal to those of the noble opal itself. Although very similar to the latter as far as substance goes, it is of a porous texture, and very absorbent. On becoming dry again, its transparency vanishes, leaving a white or yellowish surface. It is said that when boiled in oil the hydrophane acquires the same appearance as when immersed in water, and retains it, in part, for years, as the oil does not dry.

There are still other varieties of opal which are semi-precious, so to speak, but scarcely of sufficient interest to be included in our article.

Opals have not always remained in fashion. Some years ago they were rather looked on with disfavor, and this is said, by an eminent authority, to have arisen largely from a superstitious fear of their being unlucky. This notion, strange to say, was called into existence by a popular novelist, ascribing the changes of the hydrophane in the presence of water to supernatural agency. Now they seem as much in favor again as ever. They deserve to be well thought of, especially the noble kind, which, in addition to its other desirable qualities, has that of defying imitation. Numerous experiments have, of course, been made to counterfeit this gem, but there are none on record which proved successful. The makers of paste produce excellent likenesses of all other gems, but here their skill fails. We have glass diamonds that deceive even experienced eyes; false rubies glow with a fire rivaling that which shines in the real ones; paste sapphires show a blue as heavenly as do those formed by the hand of Nature; and from sand, and potash, and chromium, the chemist melts out emeralds that are almost fit mates for the genuine stone. But art gives us no opals.—J. H. Snively.

MADemoiselle GEORGES.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

THERE are figures which leave in the recollection an image so radiant that it seems as though they ought to be immortalized. Even long after they have disappeared from the scene they form part of our lives, we occupy ourselves with them, their names continue to hover about our lips. Although realities, they have entered into that world of types created by the poets, where neither ages nor dates have an existence. The shades of retirement cannot dim their brilliancy. Although we see them no longer, they are nevertheless present—we have difficulty, indeed, in realizing that they too must submit to the common lot. Mademoiselle Georges was one of these. One might have believed that she would last forever, like the superb Melpomene of Velletri, in the Musée des Antiques, which could easily pass for a portrait of the illustrious tragédienne.

She attained her fourscore years, *la grande Georges*. Generations of her admirers succeeded one another; and the sons, as their fathers had been before them, were dazzled by her beauty, which appeared to be indestructible. Time seemed to fear to leave its imprint on those faultless features, knowing that it would be long before Nature could produce such another *chef-d'œuvre*. And then her form was so symmetric, so perfect, that it rivaled the masterpieces of Phidias. Nor was this all: this sculptural perfection was animated by an intelligence of the very highest order.

This Melpomene, whom the Greeks themselves could not have imagined more beautiful, more noble, or imposing, knew how to step out of her columned temple, and adapt herself to every age and every scene. She was at home alike in Venice or Ferrara, in Rome or Mycenæ, and, in coming from antiquity to the middle ages, she resembled Helen in the Gothic château of "Faust." The goddess was always recognized despite the costume. Strangely enough, she was at once the idol of the classics and the romantics. "What a Clytemnestra! what an Agrippina! what a Semiramis!" cried the former. "What a Lucretia Borgia! what a Marie Tudor! what a Marguerite de Bourgogne!" replied the latter. And both parties were right—the one school owed her as much as the other.

We did not fully know Mademoiselle Georges until after 1830—until she began to play in the dramas of the modern school. Although at that time she had passed the age that is called youth, nevertheless she was still marvelously beautiful. Who, having once seen it, could forget the smile with which she opened the second act of "Marie Tudor," as, reclining on a pile of cushions, robed in rich velvet, she passed her royal hand over the hair of *Fabian Fabiani*, who knelt beside her? Her exquisite profile was clearly lined on a background of sombre richness; she glittered, she swam in the light—*elle avait des fulgurations de beauté, des élancements d'éclat*, and represented as in a dream the intoxicating power of love. Before she spoke a word, thunders of applause burst alike from the boxes and pit.

How beautiful she was, too, in "Lucretia Borgia," when she bent over the sleeping *Genaro*, and with what terrible indignation she rose to a supernatural height when her mask is torn off, discovering her *incognito*! You saw in the pallor of her impotent rage the resolve to be fearfully avenged for the insult. In what a tone she said to the duke in the *façon* scene: "*Don Alphonse de Ferrara, my fourth husband!*" And with what tigress-like exaltation she showed their coffins to her prisoner venues, and cried: "You gave me a ball at Geneva; in return, I give you a supper at Ferrara." Who could ever forget this sen-

tence? The harsh, shrill tone in which she slowly scanned every syllable fairly chilled the blood. This was genuine terror, true passion, veritable tragedy. At this epoch there was a sublime quartet to play masterpieces of the new school—Frédéric Lemaitre, Bocage, Madame Dorval, and Mademoiselle Georges. There remains now (1867) but one of these noble artists, the greatest, perhaps—Lemaitre. The century as it advances depeoples itself of its great.

Although belonging to another generation, Mademoiselle Georges was our contemporary by her success in the modern drama. She quit *Æschylus* for *Shakespeare*—that certainly was not treason—and generously espoused the cause of our school. Her *souvenir* is associated with that of works which were the events of our youth, and it seems as though a part of ourselves goes to the tomb with her. Thus, piece by piece, the edifice where we have lived crumbles, and each stone that falls bears an illustrious name. The representatives of our early dreams disappear, our interlocutors of other days one by one become silent forever, our types of beauty vanish, the objects of our love and admiration are fast leaving us—our ideals will soon be all gone.

We must find another circle, make new acquaintances, accustom our eyes to strange faces, take the rising generation as we find it, admire what offers, try to read the books that are published, listen to the pieces that are played—in a word, furnish our little world anew. But as all Nature is continually undergoing change, why should we complain?

The illustrious tragédienne lies on the hill *aux arbres verts*, having for her winding-sheet the black mantle of Rodogune, which she wore on the occasion of her farewell performance.—*Théophile Gautier's "Histoire du Romantisme" (Paris, 1874).*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

ONE grand result of Mrs. Browning's literary career has been to disprove the assertion that women cannot write true poetry. Such a taunt may be considered as disposed of forever. If we are to believe tradition, Sappho wrote the finest lyrics the world has seen; but our own generation has beheld woman's genius take even a wider range. No woman, as yet, has written a great epic, or dramatic poetry of the highest order; but how restricted is the number of men who have done this! What there is in the nature of woman, however, to forbid her rivaling even the highest, we do not know; all we can say is, that genius, the dower of the gods, in its most transcendent manifestation, has, up to the present, been bestowed upon man. It may be, nevertheless, that we shall yet see the female complement of our great men—only, it cannot be obtained unless woman have a wider personal sphere. Still, it is most interesting to note that, in this nineteenth century, she has demonstrated the possibility of a future equality. What novelist, for instance, has more conclusively made good his claim to rank almost with the highest than George Eliot? How many of our artists have excelled Rosa Bonheur in her own special gifts? What writer has exhibited a greater breadth of imagination and power than George Sand? Lastly, where is the poetry which can be considered superior to Mrs. Browning's? In poetry, fiction, and art, at any rate, man has little supremacy to boast of for the last forty or fifty years. We do not mean that his genius may not have overtopped, in individual cases, that of woman, but the difference has not been so

perceptible as in past ages. Woman is now more abreast of man. Her altitude is no longer, when compared with him, that of Mont Blanc beside Chimborazo. It is more than probable that we shall never behold a female Homer, Plato, or Shakespeare; but any thing short of these woman may, and most probably will, become. Her passion is as deep, if her ambition be not so great, as man's. As her sympathies widen, and she bears more of that burden of the world, experience—which, in its greatest depths and most extended scope, has hitherto largely pertained to man—she will produce work which shall be as potent and beautiful as his, and possess the same inherent powers of immortality.

Meanwhile, let us be just to what she has already accomplished. A dispassionate examination of the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning can, we maintain, only lead to this result—that she is the equal of any poet of our time in genius. In particular qualities she may appear inferior to some who could be cited, and whose names will irresistibly suggest themselves; but in others she is as indubitably their superior; and, until we can decide who is greater, Byron or Wordsworth, Shelley or Coleridge, Homer or Shakespeare, we care not to assign her precise position. One thing is certain, however, her immortality is assured—she stands already crowned. As long as one human heart throbs for another she will be held in high esteem. Her poetry is that which refines, chastens, and elevates. We could think that with herself, as with one of her characters, "some grand blind Love came down, and groped her out, and clasped her with a kiss; she learned God that way." And who were her teachers? Can we ask that question of one who said, "Earth's crammed with heaven, and every common bush afire with God?" The emerald beauty of a thousand valleys, embroidered by the silver threads of meandering rivers; the grandeur of the everlasting hills with their lofty and majestic calm; the terrible rolling of the restless and unsatisfied sea; the stars that at midnight shine, looking down upon us like the eyes of those we love; above all, the whisper of God as it thrills through the human heart—these were her informers and teachers, the sources of her eminent inspiration. She sang of all these that men might be nobler, freer, and purer. Her apotheosis follows of divine right with that of all the leaders of mankind: God endowed her, and we exalt her.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

CHARACTER OF LAMARTINE.

THE character of Lamartine, with all its virtues and all its faults, is revealed in the history of his life. As a statesman he must rank very low, being simply a theorist; but his errors were those of a noble mind filled to overflowing with pity for the suffering and the oppressed. As a writer he stands in the foremost rank of French authors. His style is glowing and picturesque, his powers of description are marvelous, his poetry is the most *poetical* in the French language; of all her writers he has the most *soul*; as a storyteller no one is more charming; his faults are a strong tendency to the inflated and the exaggerated—to a morbid sentimentalism which too frequently sinks into bathos and emasculation. He is, above all others, the poet of women.

Like all Frenchmen, intense egotism was one of the prominent errors of his character. This fault was redeemed, however, by so many noble and shining qualities that it almost disappears in their lustre. He was the soul of honor, the bravest of the brave, the most generous of men. Pages could be filled with anecdotes of his gentleness of

heart and boundless charity. The emoluments which he derived as a member of the Provisional Government he distributed freely and unasked among the poor authors of Paris, and the letters which accompanied these gifts doubled the obligation. Sunday, his only holiday, was devoted to charity; his doors were open to all who suffered, who were in want. All who came, whether known or unknown, he greeted with extended hand, with kindly smiles and words, to soften the bitterness and humiliation of their position. "I am dying of hunger," one day wrote laconically an unknown. "I have five hundred francs, they are yours with all my heart," wrote back Lamartine. "If I had a hundred francs I should be truly happy!" exclaimed a poor author in his presence. "Here are a thousand," answered Lamartine, giving him the money. Only the revenues of a prince could sustain such munificence. For years before his death he was overwhelmed with debts, and reduced to comparative indigence; but the divine impulse of charity remained as active as ever. He was saving up to buy himself a little pony-chaise to take the air in; he had gathered just a thousand francs, when a poor woman, who lived in the neighborhood, came to him with a piteous tale: her goods had been seized by a hard-hearted creditor, and homeless destitution stared her in the face. "How much do you require?" he asked? "A thousand francs," was the answer. There was a momentary struggle, and then he went away, fetched his little hoard, and placed it in her hand.

The man who could do these deeds was a CHRISTIAN. No higher nor rarer praise can be bestowed upon him, for generations frequently pass away without producing one such.—*Temple Bar.*

AN EMPEROR'S BIRTHDAY TABLE.

THE last birthday of the Emperor William I., owing to his long sickness, was celebrated, especially by the members of his family, with more than ordinary zeal, and the old monarch was literally overwhelmed with presents from them. "What did they give to him?" the reader may ask. We answer, mostly elegant and artistic articles for decorating his rooms, for the Emperor William is exceedingly domestic in his habits, and he never feels better than when lodged comfortably in his private quarters. Then there was needle-work by the empress and the princesses, the blue meadow-flower, of which the emperor is so exceedingly fond, and which the skilled hands of his female friends had reproduced on tables, paper-weights, etc. A bouquet of fresh meadow-flowers had been brought all the way from Karlsruhe by Prince William of Baden, who had also presented to the emperor some fine specimens of his favorite stone, the precious lapis-lazuli. The grandchildren had sent drawings, and among them lay small bouquets of roses, wound by the smallest of the children. Collectively, the imperial family presented to the emperor his life-size portrait on horseback, painted by Camphausen, uniform with that artist's portrait of Frederick II., and of the great elector. The rooms of the empress were filled with the gifts made by the family; all the private rooms of the emperor were filled with presents from outside friends, coming from all parts of Germany. There was the most gorgeous display of magnificent flowers that could be imagined. Hamburg had sent its choicest roses, and in the library of the emperor alone upward of two hundred very large bouquets were piled up. And then there was an endless array of embroidered cushions and other handsome presents, while whole stacks of congratulatory telegrams were received all day long.—*Berlin National Gazette.*

* Mdlle. Georges was born in 1798, and died in 1867.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MR. PEABODY'S splendid charity to the poor of London was essentially an experiment; the last report of the trustees, who have had its distribution and management, stamps it as a noble success. It is one of the most serious questions which a wealthy and philanthropic man can ask of himself, in what way he shall dispense charity so that it may produce good and not evil in the world. For every day evidences of utterly wasted, and even worse than wasted charities, present themselves; and, in too many instances, money left for benevolent purposes is exhausted upon its administrators and officials. It is even a grave question how far in-door relief to the poor, not to speak of street charities and supplying the wants of beggars at domestic doors, are charities in which the good effect exceeds the bad. There are hundreds of worthy people whose chief anxiety is to give help to the distressed, but know not how to set about it, or which way to turn to wisely and properly afford it.

The fact is, that charity, especially charity on a large scale, is a science. Happily, the efficient charities, left, as they must be in this country, wholly to individual impulse and organization, are very many; their fruits appear on every hand; their monuments exist not alone in stone and brick, but in the greater thrift, health, and virtue of whole districts and communities.

But shrewd observation on the part of rich and really sincere charity-givers, attention to the experience of historical charities, and the inquiry whether, in a direction already pursued with a palpable success, further support and effort may not be profitably given, would increase this efficiency manifold.

Mr. Peabody made a science of charity, and no philanthropist's money was ever put to more useful purpose. Looking just around him in London, he saw that thousands of the "industrious poor" did not reap comfort as a reward of thrift and steady labor. Looking across the Atlantic to his native country, he saw that its most distressed section was the South, and that the greatest moral need of the South, under its new conditions, was education. To the London poor he devoted two and a half million dollars. This was not scattered broadcast among indolent beggars. The problem was to "help those that help themselves." The government professed to care for the utterly destitute; and with this class, upon which London philanthropy as well as government almost exclusively busied itself, Mr. Peabody had nothing to do. Pure gratuities to the industrious poor, too, Mr. Peabody avoided. His large design, which has ripened to wonderful fruitfulness, was to afford clean, comfortable, and healthy dwellings to real toilers, at prices within their means.

The buildings already erected have cost three hundred thousand pounds, and afford homes for eight hundred and eighty-two families, with an average of two rooms to a family. These rooms are rented at an average of one shilling and sevenpence a room; and the heads of the families, who are costermongers and street-traders, doers of odd jobs, fruit-women, mechanics, basket-weavers, of the lower grade of the trades just above the stratum of actual penury—earn on an average twenty-three shillings a week. Health and comfort are thus afforded to a certain proportion of those who do their best to get on in life; and no one can suppose that the charity thus encourages to sloth, and an indolent dependence upon it.

In the same way, Mr. Peabody's Southern charity avoids the evils of bribery and encouragement to do-nothings. Free schools have been established by it in nearly every Southern State; and in some of the States it has had the evident effect of prompting the establishment of such schools by local action. The donation was thus an example as well as a charity; and went to the bottom of the main causes of penury and misery, for it sought to lift as many as possible of the more ignorant to a plane of intelligence, which is also a means of material well-doing. Here, then, would seem to be two directions in which charity might well be followed by the philanthropically disposed—the help of those who help themselves, and the promotion of practical free education by individual enterprise.

— In modern days there has been no more suggestive and comprehensive movement than that which recently occurred at the little town of Vineland, in our neighbor State of New Jersey.

Vineland is noted chiefly for the existence of a clause in every householder's lease, to the effect that he must plant vines and fruit-trees about his holding. It follows that the place is fruitful beyond ordinary measure. An outgrowth of this arboreal character appears to be the desire for liberty, which, like hope, "springs eternal" in the bosom of the ordinary American; but in the heart of the Vineland, and particularly as an attribute of the female of that species, assumes a sway which conveys with it, as with a deluge, all the ordinary passions and predilections of the individual possessor.

It is for this reason, doubtless, that we find in the women of Vineland an irrepressible passion for pantaloons. For some reason unknown, the female mind does periodically dwell with longing upon the—to us—ungraceful, though certainly convenient nether habiliments of man. Occasioned, possibly, by a natural craving for the impracticable, we can trace this desire in the sex to earlier days and other countries. It is related of Joan of Arc that she manifested the strenu-

ous force of her exalted mission in an immediate determination toward masculine attire, though she afterward came to a realizing sense of the wickedness of her leaning in that direction. In the early history of the world, so manifest was made this proclivity on the part of woman, that ordinances existed in the statutes of many peoples to prevent the ambitious acquirement by the sex of the coveted garments. Later, at the masked balls of the Regency in France, and during the unwholesome festivities of the Second Empire, whenever women threw off the natural modesty of their sex, they immediately in delicate satire proceeded to inclose themselves in male garb.

Any and every excuse has been seized upon for the purpose of admission into the cherished fraternity; it is within our own memory that the earnest efforts of Lucy Stone, and others holding her views upon the subject, inaugurated the movement in America toward the assumption of pantaloons as the poetic insignia of the attributes of supremacy and superiority, hitherto held to be the birthright of man, but now claimed as the just desert of the so-called "weaker" sex. The aspirations of Lucy Stone and her supporters succeeded only to a limited extent, but the chain of demand was rendered continuous through the important advent of a new link in the person of Dr. Mary Walker, who, if she be not already located in her position in Alaska—to which we believe she was to have been deported by a strictly paternal government—still lends the weight of her affluent pertinacity and rather diminutive person to the prosecution of the good cause. And this brings us by natural and easy stages to the latest representatives of this persistent and engrossing faith—its late demonstration in Vineland.

Of these illustrious crusaders, it is sufficient to state that they courageously adhere to the principles illustrated by pantaloons as a badge of honor, while they lose no opportunity, "in season and out of season," of advancing the theories of which these are at once the seal and the demonstration. So earnest and faithful are they in their encroachment upon the last barrier that ostensibly divides the sexes, that they have even canvassed a portentous resolution to the effect that the mother who signifies sex in the adoption of different costumes for her infant progeny, perpetrates a wrong upon the personality of the individual, and cramps by that action all the endeavors of femininity toward an honorable equality of advancement.

Now, without adventuring any thing in the way of indignant protest against what might seem an absolute usurpation of admitted masculine rights, we desire to point out the natural reasons which obtain as against the uniformity of garb which would place woman on a plane of fashion with the ruder gender. We would suggest that

Nature, when she endowed our sister with graceful outlines and flowing curves, indicated the wavy and undulating character which should artistically appertain to her garments—just as each angle in the more distinctly-outlined form of man is the direct hint of a peg whereon to hang a rigid and uncompromising article of dress. Not to dwell upon the charm which gilds the concealment of that whose fair proportions can only move our appreciation through the imagination, we may respectfully submit that the broad contrast between the form adopted for the clothing of man and that of woman, is all in favor of the latter. We may remark further, that, whenever man has sought to be picturesque, he has trenched upon the prerogative of woman, and arrayed himself in flowing *toga*, dramatic *bermuse*, or monkish gown.

Besides all this, woman is nothing if not impressive, and where is the significance or emphasis of the practical coat or tunic, or the severe trousers? Implacable and unpoetic, they stand for nothing but the earnest of toil and acquisition; while woman—"lovely woman"—garlands the earth as she sweeps it with her train of silk or satin; conveys a suggestion with every fold of her kerchief; delivers a monologue on love with the cast of a shawl over her shoulder. Worn by her, the elastic capacity of drapery for effect spices her every movement with a possible victory, and adorns her figure with caprice as with a laurel-wreath. The massive wealth of satin, the rich languor of velvet, the crisp self-assertion of silk, the gossamer variety and evanescence of old lace, the swaying submission of plumage, and the positive solidity of wool, would one and all lose their specific characteristics and the romance that endows them with their individuality, if scissors and measuring-line were to contract them into the meaningless and obtuse formula which signifies man's unhappy compromise with Fate, and his enforced surrender to the exigencies of his existence and the arbitrary dicta of an army of tyrannical tailors.

—We all know what the professional New-York correspondent is; how he entertains readers in other places with preposterous stories about New-York morals, New-York society, New-York life in all its phases—the struggle always being to be as sensational as possible, with the least possible regard for the truth, or even probability.

Ordinarily, these effusions are not worth considering, although it must be admitted, we think, that the persistent misrepresentations of these writers have greatly poisoned the rural and provincial mind against us. The latest piece of mendacity in this direction we find in a letter to a Boston weekly journal, in which we learn some astonishing things about the Academy of Design, and the exhibition just opened.

In the first place, the Boston public are told by this correspondent that, while the collection is comparatively fair, it is yet no fault of the Academy committee that it is so. The artists, it is well known, made a strenuous effort to secure a better display than usual; but we learn from the writer referred to that many of them sent for this purpose two and three pictures each, but that in every case the committee selected the poorest of those offered, and returned the best. The writer must have canvassed the studios with considerable industry, in order to have ascertained this extraordinary fact. We are then entertained by comments on the indignation felt in art-circles, and the effusion ends by the assertion that "American art, as judged by the exhibitions at the National Academy of Design, is a laughing-stock for the world."

Now, of course, these assertions about the committee are all sheer inventions, and it is also false that "the greatest indignation is felt in art-circles." It is admitted on all hands that the exhibition is an uncommonly good one; and while, no doubt, some artists complain of the selections and exclusions, and others of the judgment of the hanging-committee—and we should be glad to know of a country or a time when art-committees did not excite the ire of every artist whose pictures have been returned, or whose canvases had not choice of place—while this feeling exists, in a measure, the complaints are much fewer than usual. For once, indeed, there is a very general satisfaction among artists and with the public.

As to American art being a laughing-stock, this opinion, of course, is not worth, as an opinion, a moment's attention; but utterances of this character are significant of a prevalent spirit that ought to be condemned. Why is it that Americans are so prone to underrate every thing done in this country? With many people it is considered a sign of superiority, of wisdom, and largeness of knowledge, to sneer at American art, American literature, and American society. We find all around us a sort of morbid delight in depreciating every thing national. This passion is not exclusively American, for Herbert Spencer makes the "unpatriotic bias" the subject of one of his papers in his "Study of Sociology;" but this proclivity seems to us more marked here than elsewhere. American manners and American dress are subjects that continually invite this sort of depreciation; society is a standard subject for scoffing, especially among those who know nothing about it, just as vice is a standard topic of lamentation among those who have failed to practise the virtues.

But in nothing is this depreciation more prevalent than in criticism upon American art. A great many people are forever echoing falsehoods like those of the correspondent we have quoted from, who, as critics, are profoundly ignorant, and who are constitutionally

insensible to the many great beauties and achievements of our native art. What, the landscapes of Kensett, Gifford, Inness, Church, Durand, Casilear, Shattuck, McIntee, Whitteridge, Hart, laughing-stocks! These are painters who cannot be excelled, even if equaled, by landscapists abroad. In other directions our national art has been meagre; but in landscape our painters have exhibited a truthfulness, an elevation, a sentiment and beauty, a genius, that we all ought to be proud of. No art anywhere is so free from the dictation of schools, from perversion by theories, from vagaries of individual eccentricity, from the authority of convention; it is the great characteristic and virtue of our painters that they are all inspired with an ambition to avoid false methods and fixed theories, and to get at Nature as she is, to master her spirit, and express her meaning honestly and profoundly.

We have said before, in these pages, that no class of workers with us exhibit so much fidelity to principle, and honesty of purpose; in these qualities we place American art even above American literature. Hence, it is quite time the current sneers and scoffs were silenced, and that our people, by earnest study, should put themselves in a position to be able to judge fairly of that which so many of them judge with ignorant presumption.

—We find, in the *New-York Herald*, a paragraph as follows: "APPLETON'S JOURNAL says, with much truth, that, outside of newspapers and magazines, there is at present almost nothing in the way of original literature attempted in America. Appleton might add that a good deal of the responsibility lies on the shoulders of the publishers." The American publishers would be glad to discover how the responsibility of this condition of things rests upon them — by what means they may at will evoke the power of genius, or at will repress it! As a sentiment of this character is quite prevalent, it may be worth the while to inquire into its validity. Now, it ought to be entirely obvious that the publishers have the most immediate and vital interest in the successes of authors — an interest not even secondary to that of the writers themselves. If the publishers had the power to evoke genius, the real danger would be in their tendency to exercise the power too freely — for the fascination of publishing brilliant books, rapidly-selling books, books that keep presses running night and day, and set the town agog, is very great, independent of the substantial advantages in money; and we imagine the whole thing would be excessively overdone if the fiat of the booksellers could bring the desired end about. Every publishing-house would give us a Walter Scott about once a year, a Byron not less frequently, and multiply as many "Uncle Tom's Cabins" as the resources of the country would permit. Geniuses would come by platoons, by companies, by regiments. A new poet might, indeed, in the active competitions of trade, appear as often as the daily newspaper; while great novels would be as plenty as murders and railroad

accidents. Give the publishers the power, and we should soon have an original and brilliant literature, that would transcend every thing that has been done in the past. But, as they are without this occult gift, they remain waiting and praying for the geniuses to come—they search for them, ask for them, bid for them, but, unfortunately, have not yet discovered a means of evoking them out of their consciousness, or any patent fructifying process by which literary incubation can be artificially hastened. If it is argued that great books have gone begging among the publishers, the reply is this: There is such an inundation of bad manuscripts upon them that a habit of distrust has arisen, which, in a few instances, has led to the "turning away of angels from their doors unawares;" but far more often publishers have entailed great loss upon themselves on account of a too hopeful disposition. With all the repression publishers are supposed to exert upon literature, it so happens that they do not exercise enough, for a large proportion of books prove business failures. In regard to their responsibility in the matter, they might retort by claiming that it all rests with the public. And yet, after all, the public likes a good book, and will devour with eagerness a fresh and appetizing volume. The lack of activity among American authors cannot be accounted for, either on the ground of repression by the publishers, or indifference on the part of the public. The reasons must be looked for elsewhere.

— A correspondent in Boston sends us the following:

"Why cannot the less well-to-do classes of our great cities have the benefit of well-organized excursions, as do the Londoners? As soon as Easter and Whitsuntide make their appearance, with the green turf and early flowers, a series of cheap trips are organized to every attractive point within two or three hours of the great metropolis. 'To Brighton and back for half a crown,' even 'to Paris and back for five pounds,' are not only within reach of all but the very humblest, but the shrewd British railway-director is fully convinced that excursions 'pay.' How many places there are around New York and Boston and Philadelphia, to which the toiling classes might resort with pleasure and profit, if the system of excursions were generally adopted! The advantage of them is by no means confined to their cheapness; any one who has seen an English excursion-train, loaded down with its polyglot multitude of merry-makers, knows what infectious good cheer there is in going thus in mass to some favorite resort. People thrown together in pursuit of a good time are always the better for it. Surely it must not be said that our people are more sober, less fond of occasional relaxation and merry-making, than the English; if it is so, the sooner excursions, and all other means of creating such a spirit are arranged, the better. It would be useless to urge a system of excursions if it were not quite demonstrable that they are money-making operations. Experience shows that they are so, and that the same result follows as has followed the cheapening of the postage. Where is our American Cook?"

It seems to us that our correspondent has neglected to notice the extent to which excursion-parties are formed here. We cannot speak for Boston, but, in New York, one feat-

ure all during the summer is the number of excursions. Every morning our bay and rivers are gay with steamers and barges, which, with banners and music, come and go, bearing thousands to adjacent islands and groves for a day's pleasure. Then the groups of excursionists that crowd all the regular steamboats that go up the Hudson, that assail Long Branch and Coney Island, that visit innumerable places on the Sound-shore, that go down the bay to the fishing-banks, are legion in number. Besides all these, there are extensive excursion-trips organized by the railroad companies, some for near-by points, others that ambitiously reach to the Rocky Mountains. There may be less activity of this kind with us than there is abroad, but we imagine our correspondent's comments are prompted by that common disposition to see every thing that is going on abroad, and to ignore or forget every thing that is done here.

Literary.

THERE is one quality which is the invariable characteristic of Mr. Parton's biographies—they are *readable* in the most emphatic sense of that term. One never looks in them for any philosophical analysis of character, or indications of laborious research and careful sifting of evidence; we know beforehand that we shall dissent from many of his conclusions, and that we shall be annoyed by the random shots which he fires in every direction at each favorable juncture of the narrative; but, when once his book is begun, there is never any difficulty in reading straight forward to the end. The meaning of this is that, in spite of many and great faults as a writer, and especially as a biographer, Mr. Parton possesses in perfection the art of catching the most salient and striking aspects of any subject he touches upon, and of presenting what he has to say in just the way of all others most likely to take hold of the reader's attention. The very frankness and perversity of his likes and dislikes, his predilections and his prejudices, help to increase its relish for those who like opinions ready-made along with the facts; and his style, though it breaks down under critical tests, is wonderfully vivacious, vigorous, and picturesque. The latest of his works, "The Life of Thomas Jefferson" (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.), shows that his pen has not lost its facility, nor his hand its cunning. It possesses in a high degree all the characteristic good qualities of which we have spoken, and the rather aggressive admiration with which he champions whomever he feels called upon to write about, has this time a worthy object; but, as a biography, it has one serious defect, which is more noticeable in its present permanent form than when it was appearing chapter by chapter in the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly*. What this defect is may be best indicated, perhaps, by citing a few passages from the preface: "For years," he says, "I have worked, in some way, to recall attention to the points of difference between Jefferson and his opponents, because I think that the best chance for republican America is an adherence to the general line of politics of which he was the embodiment. If Jefferson was wrong, America is wrong; if America is right, Jefferson was right." And, further along: "We must now accept it as an axiom that universal suffrage, where one-third of the voters cannot read the

language of the country they inhabit, tends to place the scoundrel class at the summit of affairs. We see that it has done so in France, in the Southern States, in New York, and in Philadelphia. But such virtue is there in the Jeffersonian methods, that, even in those places, we find them our best resource;" for it was by those methods that the fact was demonstrated that "nothing is farther from the intention of the American people than to submit to lawless or lawful spoliation." "It is even possible," he thinks, "that the party which Jefferson founded—such vitality did he breathe into it—may again, instructed by defeat and purified in the furnace of affliction, deliver the country from the evils which perplex and threaten it, employing the only expedient that will ever long succeed in a free country—the expedient of being *wrong*. Jefferson's principles will do this, if his party does not." This is all true enough, probably, and certainly is important enough to be urged in a proper place; yet we cannot but regret the introduction of the tone and objects of a political partisan into a biography intended to bring a work upon Jefferson and his times "within the reach of the mass of readers." We imagine that the preface alone will frighten away many who would derive both entertainment and instruction from the in many respects admirable narrative which follows it.

Historians, biographers, poets, and dramatists, have all endeavored to depict the French Revolution; it is the lurid centre around which the literature, as well as the political and social movements of the past century, has revolved, and it seems to have exerted an irresistible fascination upon writers of every grade and school. It also forms the *motif* of Victor Hugo's last novel, "Quatre-vingt-treize" ("Ninety-three"), a translation of which has just been published by Harper & Brothers. The object which the author seems to have set himself, in writing this book, was to concentrate into a series of verbal panoramas the very essence and soul of the Revolution, to paint its fiery and dreadful lineaments, and to enable the generations which are reaping and will reap its advantages to say, "Here we may look with our own eyes upon its elemental and imminent processes." Has he accomplished his object? The answer to this question is almost the only criticism that can be passed upon the book; if the reader responds "Yes," after reading it, it is a success; if "No," it is a substantial failure—for all other features are subordinate and unimportant. For our own part, we think that he has. We seem to have found in it that which has illuminated and vitalized all our previous reading, to have caught the very tumult of the time—its unparalleled contrasts, its wild delight in breaking utterly with the past, its delicious thirst for revenge, its fierce cruelty, its moral heroism, its savage blood-thirstiness, its mournfulness, its self-sacrificing worship of ideals, and its inflexible devotion to what it considered to be duty. "Ninety-three" is but the overture and prelude to the great drama which followed, and which is to be treated of in succeeding volumes; it is occupied almost solely with the terrible civil war in La Vendée; but, incomplete as it is, it is a work which no student of the French Revolution should fail to read and master. Even Carlyle's history is tame, external, and unimpressive, in comparison with it; though Carlyle, more than any previous writer, was imbued with the spirit of the revolutionary period.—We have not spoken of the plot, because, strictly speaking, there is none; in spite of the elaborate machinery, and division

into parts, books, chapters, and periods, the story is extremely slight. There is no hero or heroine, no love-making or marriage, no single personality that dominates and connects the whole; the most continuous thread of interest centres in three little children, whose occasional entrances upon the scene afford the only relief to the sombre tragedy of the narrative. The style is preëminently Hugo-esque; but it is the Hugo of the earlier days, before he had descended to the exaggerated mannerisms of "The Toilers of the Sea," and "The Man who Laughs." Perhaps it is not the least striking proof of Victor Hugo's great power that a style which at the start alternately annoys, affronts, and amuses, gradually grows upon us, until all our preconceived ideas of good taste are overwhelmed, and we find ourselves accepting the author's egotism, his perpetual striving after the tremendous and the "moral enormous," and his most tawdry theatrical effects, as natural and necessary characteristics of great writing. Mr. Frank Lee Benedict's translation is faithful and vigorous; but his proof-reading should have been careful enough to eliminate such errors as "Herbert" for Hébert, and "Malonet" for Malouet.

Mr. Charles Pascoe's "London Directory for American Travelers" (Boston: Lee & Shepard), will be of great value to our countrymen first entering the great English metropolis. However enthusiastic and sentimental the traveler abroad may be, his first needs on landing on a foreign shore are familiarity with certain prosaic details, and the accessibility to certain creature comforts. A man just arrived in London first seeks, not Westminster Abbey, but a hostelry; the little vexations of travel and of unfamiliarity with processes of obtaining the commonplace comforts, must first be got rid of. Mr. Pascoe's little volume seems to have well supplied this need, so far as London, which must always have peculiar attractions for Americans, is concerned. His little guide gives its purely practical directions in the first part, and reserves for an appendix the picturesque description of notable scenes and places. A man's practical needs are first carefully considered, and then the satisfaction of his sentimental curiosity. Mr. Pascoe, who is an old resident of London, and has lived long enough in the United States to become familiar with our needs abroad as tourists, as well as to achieve a marked literary reputation, has included many things which are important in the inverse ratio of their apparent insignificance. An excellent feature is a diary of interesting events, to take place in the vicinity of London during the spring and summer season. The traveler need not wonder when the Derby-day occurs, or when the Academy Exhibition will open; he is here told the hour, the day, and the way of gaining access to whatever is to happen. Baedeker's careful attention to detail is imitated, and the least experienced traveler is safely guided through the perplexities and annoyances incident to unfamiliarity with a great and strange city.

Spilshagen, in his second letter from Berlin to the *London Athenæum*, says: "The great difference in soils, which corresponds with the difference in the inhabitants, has always been at once an advantage and a hindrance to German novelists—an advantage, as it has given them an unusual wealth of historical, social, and local motives; a hindrance, as this very wealth has made it difficult, or rather impossible, for the best writers to form a school, and for the minor ones to study in a school. It has deprived them, great and little, of the chance of having a large public, and has, at best, condemned them to the precarious enjoyment of a local celeb-

riety. . . . England and France have a centre which is strong enough to paralyze the centrifugal forces; Germany had not, and, in a literary and artistic sense, has to this day nothing of the kind. A novel which proves a success in London is read all over England; a novel which proves a success in Paris is read all over France; but a novel may make a sensation in Berlin without anybody's speaking of it in Vienna, and vice versa. But the causes that impede the free circulation of a novel in Germany tend to prevent it from finding readers outside Germany, just as the similarity observable in English novels, and also in French novels, promotes their circulation in Germany." He says Auerbach's new novel is strictly South-German and local, and that "the story is incomprehensible and impossible the moment one thinks of it as transplanted to North Germany."

The government censorship in Paris deals respectfully with Victor Hugo, but visits his sins upon the rank and file of his followers. It has just prohibited the publication, by *L'Éclipse*, of a cartoon called "Quatre-vingt-treize," by the caricaturist André Gill. "To people less skilled," says the *Academy*, "in the discovery of seditious allusions than the literary detectives of the Censure, the graving appears harmless enough. It represents Victor Hugo carving the busts of the three revolutionary Titans—Danton, Robespierre, and Marat. Issuing from the sculptor's pocket, Georgette, the baby heroine of 'Quatre-vingt-treize,' traces with her little finger on the base of Marat's bust vague childish words, 'Coco-poupoupe.' In vain Victor Hugo wrote to the Censure, affirming that the artist had faithfully interpreted the spirit of his work. 'Anastasia' permitted the romance, and suppressed the illustration. This is Victor Hugo's letter: 'I have seen the beautiful drawing of André Gill. It is not only beautiful—it is charming. The child's figure, contrasting with those severe and terrible faces, expresses gracefully and gayly the spirit of the book 'Quatre-vingt-treize;' and it is seemly that where human passions make us tremble innocence should make us smile.'"

A not especially enjoyable novel moves the *Saturday Review* to say: "In going through exhibitions of modern pictures, it has often struck us how much truer taste and how much greater skill are shown by the artists than by the writers of those novels which it is our unhappy fate to have to read in such numbers. The Dudley Gallery of this year is but poorly spoken of. Yet, even there, how brightly would the second and third rate artists shine forth if their work was compared with that of the second and third rate novelists! It is difficult, of course, to compare a picture with a book. Yet, as we were the other day looking at some of the sketches in this gallery, we found ourselves regretting that most of the novelists had not either given themselves up to painting or else, before they wrote, had made a study of the art of writing."

Referring to the preposterous letter about Dickens, from which we quoted last week, the *Spectator* says: "That is one of the happiest modes of suggesting that Dickens's works should be annihilated that has ever occurred to the human imagination. An adequate scholar might possibly translate the Dodger, or Mrs. Gamp, or Charley Bates, into classical—i. e. Aristophanic—Greek; but into Johnsonese, which is what, we suppose, must have been meant by classical English, as Dickens is not, by the hypothesis, already in classical English, never. If ever we could hope to see 'Whether I sick or whether I monthlies, I 'opes I does my duty' expressed in the style of the *Rambler*, 'Alice's Adventures in Wonderland' and 'Behind the Looking-Glass' would become commonplace."

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is editing a new edition of the "Life of Dr. Johnson," which will reproduce the original text of Boswell's first edition, with the old spelling, punctuation, and paragraphs, and without the division into chapters. The additions of Malone and Croker will be dismissed from the text; and the new editor's notes will be in great part original, and in many cases from unpublished manuscripts.

The *François* states that, in pulling down an old house at Saint-Ouen (Seine), there was found concealed a manuscript of the beginning of the

seventeenth century, containing indications relative to some rare books, for which a search had been ordered by the Parliament of Henry II., who had condemned them or ordered them to be destroyed. They had been placed in boxes with other valuables, and sunk in the Seine. The discovery of the manuscript of Saint-Ouen is said to be of great archaeological importance.

The *London Academy*, speaking of Mrs. Southworth's novels, says: "It is singular that, in spite of her great reputation in America, Mrs. Southwell's very name is almost unknown in this country." If the *Academy* is a specimen, we should say that Englishmen have remained in blissful ignorance even of her name.

General La Marmora has just published, at Florence, the second volume of his famous work on the secret diplomatic history of the Prusso-Austrian War. It contains his answer to Prince Bismarck, and is said to be sharp and to the point.

The author of "Prince Florestan," mentioned in our last number, turns out to be a young gentleman pursuing his studies at Cambridge University, Mr. John de Soyres.

One of the English journals announces "Mark Twain's" retirement to private life by saying that he "has retired to his adopted Hartford to live the life of a pampered child of luxury."

Art.

Portraits at the Academy Exhibition.

PORTRAITURE of the human face may be considered the highest culmination of art; for, however much the greatest historical pictures have of interest and reputation, the most interesting part of the most famous pictures are the faces of the men and women. For this reason what our leading artists have been able to accomplish in the delineation of the human face and figure is the most significant test that can be applied to their work.

In the present exhibition several of the leaders of American art are represented by very important pictures of men and women, and the head of each different school, and exponent of different ideas, here brings his work to be examined side by side with the portraits of other artists working from a different standpoint, and for different results. The school which starts from the idea of developing the character and individualism of the person painted, and aims to be realistic in representing the vitality and peculiarities of the sitter, has its best exponents in Mr. La Farge and Mr. Page, each of whom has a portrait fully carrying out his own ideas. It is very unfortunate that, through some inadvertence, Mr. La Farge's picture should occupy such a position, over a door in the corridor, that the exquisite beauty and refinement of its details are nearly lost. This picture, a portrait of the young son of Mr. Richard Hunt, the architect, represents the little fellow sitting in the grass, and talking to a favorite dog. We have dwelt much, in former articles, on the great value and comparative variety of a knowledge of anatomical structure in painting, and on the perception and representation of textures of different materials, contrasts of which give great force to each other; and, in this portrait by Mr. La Farge, the complexity of the picture is very uncommon. He appears to have had so many different points to interest him in its development that, while every accessory is really kept as such, the beauty, delicacy, and perfect delineation of them, alone make it worth while that the picture should have come into existence. If it had been painted for the sake of representing the hound, it would have had more in it than fifty

ordinarily good pictures; for the strong shoulders, and beautiful back and head, are suggestive of all the sentiment that Landseer has put into his dog-pictures, united to realism that would make it a careful portrait of some faithfully and lovingly depicted favorite. The artist, too, has had definite sympathy with the flowers at the child's feet, and his elegant and refined taste peeps out in his appreciative rendering of the velvet with its soft, rich glow, while the crowning centre of the portrait is the little boy himself. The child is bending forward, and the animated, changeable expression of his face, carefully as it has been realized, seems, at the same time, impossible to have been caught except through the memory of the artist, it is so free from any suggestion of having been "posed" for. Mr. La Farge is having a great influence on the young and intellectual artists of this country not merely by his talent, but by his own freshness and vitality of feeling. Those who do not entirely agree with him in his methods, always feel that he has great force of his own, and among all our artists we know of no one who has a more healthy and ennobling influence. What is chiefly wanted in this material age is men of ideas, and the whole tone of Mr. La Farge's painting only serves to convince us more surely that the way to fine art is not by continued mechanical practice alone, but through a refined and elevated intelligence, as well as the mere practice of the hand and eye. Working on such a basis, results, of course, will be very varied in character; but, as a great poet touches all things to his own uses, so the artist, who is a true man, whatever faults he may have, will be sure to give the world something worth possessing, while blind imitation from a blank mind will always be ignoble.

Page's portrait of Colonel N. G. Shaw we have already described at length, as it stood in the studio of the painter, and, now that we see it among many others, the nobility of its expression, the exquisite modeling of the face and head, and the simplicity and richness of the color, again place it in our opinion foremost among the pictures that this country has ever produced.

Richness of suggestion and fullness of association, which are so large an element of attraction in books, help to fill up the measure of the pleasure one takes in pictures; and often young artists, who have not completely stepped out of the swaddling-bands of their masters, bring their good points so plainly before us, combined and colored with their own way of looking at things, as to afford great satisfaction in their own way. Looked at from this point of view, the portrait of "A Young Girl," by Miss M. R. Oakey, appears to us to possess great merits. If La Farge, and Vedder, and Millet, had not painted, this picture might have never seen the light; but, unlike pictures which are servile imitations of external form and manner, the principles that we have spoken of as guiding La Farge, have produced in this portrait a charming rendering of the character of the individual, which possesses a unity of conception down to the very quality of tone of color.

Among the older artists of another school, Huntington has three portraits, Thomas Hicks three, and Baker four, and Mr. and Mrs. Loop a number; Brandt is also represented, and the familiar faces of President Barnard and Peter Cooper look down at us from the Academy walls. Altogether there are in all about forty portraits of individuals, scarcely any of which are positively bad. Comparing the severe modeling of the face of Colonel Shaw with some of the others, they appear weak

and painty, but, compared with the red-and-blue-gowned women, with staring, flat faces, this collection of portraits seems to us the most adequate representation of the capacity and purpose of the New-York artists that has appeared in a public collection for many years.

During the process of the work, and when it only needed the last touches, we gave in a last summer's number of the JOURNAL a minute account of the great portrait picture of the present Academy Exhibition—Gay's painting of "The Vanderbilt Family." This large work is, somewhat unfortunately, hung among a group of gray-hued scenes, that render its yellow gas-light color somewhat glaring and monotonous. The picture is always surrounded by a group of admirers, and it deserves to be, for, while it is destitute of some of the most obvious points of a great painting, its perfect harmony of general tone, its remarkable feeling for degrees of distance, and its combination of commonplace dresses, furniture, and accessories, into harmonious centres of interest, and subordinate relations, render it one of the most elaborate studies of artistic gymnastics that could possibly be painted. It appears to the tyro in such matters to be a simple picture, but to persons versed in the difficulties that have been attempted and mastered it shows great value.

Passing from the portraits, the next pictures in importance of subject, the fancy historical pictures, as they might properly be called, are several in number, and are treated with a dignity and elaboration that make them well deserving of the high interest they have excited, and of the reputation of the artists whose names are appended to them. Of Mr. Page's "Shakespeare" we wrote several weeks ago, before it had left the studio-building. Opinions on it vary very much, but, as the old saying has it, that it is better to be hated than forgotten, so it is better to provoke strong criticism than to be overlooked in art, and the very interest that is shown about the "Shakespeare" proves its power of some kind. Admiring it as we did formerly, and appreciating its artistic merits thoroughly, the quiet, thoughtful form, and the perfect "keeping" of the subdued color, have all the value they had when the canvas stood on the artist's easel.

The other picture of great historical importance is the elegant and graceful work by Mr. Huntington of "Titian, Charles V., and Clement VII., at Bologna." Like the "Shakespeare" of Mr. Page, this is a portrait-picture, and Mr. Huntington has made the faces as like the originals as the best portraits extant enabled him to do, and one instantly recognizes in the dignified form of Titian himself, as well as in that of Charles V., familiar subjects. With his usual refinement and taste, Mr. Huntington has made every accessory of the picture as elegant and as true to Nature and to the times he depicts, as the greatest care and very thoughtful selection could compass. The costumes and furniture are of that period, and rich textures, soft colors, and the contrast of "fair women and brave men" render it a most elegant adornment for the home of a man of refinement.

The Venus of Falerone.

The Louvre has recently received an addition to its treasures. The Venus of Milo has a rival. The new object of interest at the famous museum of art is the Venus of Falerone. This antique statue of Parian marble was discovered in 1836 at Falerone, among the

ruins of a theatre belonging to the ancient Etruscan town of Falerii, and has now become one of the treasures of the Louvre. At the first glance, it shows a marked resemblance to the Venus of Milo. The head is, unfortunately, wanting; but the fractures of the arms indicate that they had the same direction as those of the Venus; the legs are similarly posed; the left foot, which is raised, rests upon a helmet; all the lower part of the drapery is identical, only the *torso* is clothed with a light tunic, confined beneath the bosom with a knotted cord. The general aspect and the fashion of the entire clothing indicate a work of very ancient date, at least anterior to the time of Pericles.

Notwithstanding the mutilation of this marble, it has not lost its æsthetic value. It is a specimen of the austere art of the earliest times, which is very little known. The body is full of life, supple, and elegant, under the frail tunic that enshrouds it, and the folds of the *peplum* held in place by the hips are artistically treated. It is especially valuable as an element of instructive comparison.

M. Ravaissou, the curator of the Antiques at the Louvre, distinguished also as a metaphysician and philosopher, has made use of the resources at his command to elucidate the history and purpose of this remarkable work of art. He has grouped around the Venus of Falerone reproductions in plaster of a number of statues belonging to different ages of antiquity, and presenting variations of the same type. It is evident that this type was classic and long held sacred, for it is found under different transformations at epochs far removed from each other.

The original attitude of the goddess and the exact representation of the primitive type, are then the problems whose solution is now one of the interesting studies of modern art. Concerning these points, a variety of opinions prevails. The statue is considered by some as a representation of Venus victorious over her rivals Juno and Pallas; in her left hand she held her trophy, the fruit destined for the most beautiful—the apple which Paris had just decreed to her. This theory is strengthened by the fact that a fragment of marble, consisting of a left hand holding an apple, was found in the same place, and may be the identical hand belonging to this statue.

In the island of Milo, where the celebrated Venus was found fifty years since, there is still a tradition among the inhabitants that, when discovered, the Venus held in her left hand a bronze apple, and the end of a girdle of the same metal, which, suspended, fell toward her other hand. This has led many to think that the statue represented the protecting nymph of the ancient isle of Melos; if she held an apple, it was because the name of the isle, which was round, had for its origin the same word which in Greek designates all fruit of analogous form; and, indeed, on the medals of this island a fruit is seen resembling an apple or a pomegranate.

M. Ravaissou has adopted a different theory. He thinks this statue, as well as that of the Venus of Milo, is a portion of a primitive group, "Venus appeasing and disarming Mars." In the different galleries of Europe, several artistic creations, reproducing this double image, present for the goddess the same attitude represented in the statue of Milo. It was not the stolen embraces celebrated by Homer that ancient art wished thus to immortalize; it was rather by a superior inspiration, the ineffable triumph of grace and sweetness tempering active ardor and strength in the bosom of conjugal union. According to

these representations, Mars should be placed on the left of the Venus; a group in the museum of Florence represents the goddess in this position, placing her left hand on the left shoulder of the god, while with her right hand she seems to be taking off his shoulder-belt. The Venus of Milo has, however, at the present time, an inclination to the right, which does not help the theory of the learned curator of the Louvre. But he thinks that, since her abode in the humid cellar of the prefecture of police during the siege of Paris, her actual inclination is not authentic. It is certain that the Venus of Milo is a work imperfectly finished, both on the back and the left side, seeming to indicate that it had been originally intended to be seen only in front and on the right.

Besides the variations of the principal type now seen around the Venus of Falerone, there will soon be added to the collection reproductions of statues and groups whose analogies support M. Ravaissou's theory. Among the different types of the goddess now collected are the Venus of the Villa Albani, and that of the Boboli Garden of Florence, entirely clothed, and bearing an evident resemblance to that of Falerone. There is the Venus of the Garden of Pigna of the Vatican, whose careful drapery and certain details of costume seem to carry her back to remote antiquity. There is also the Venus of Capua, of the Museum of Naples, whose left foot rests on a helmet, like that of the Venus of Falerone, and finally the Venus of Brescia. As regards grouping, there are reasons for believing that the two statues last mentioned were each joined to a statue of Love, toward whom their heads were inclined. The other statues should be grouped with a Mars, and thus present under this double form the primitive type.

M. Ravaissou thinks that this Mars was no other than the type reproduced by the celebrated statue, improperly called, according to him, the Farnesian Achilles. In comparing this Achilles with the Venus of Milo, in prolonging the arms of the latter according to the model of the Venus of Brescia, he obtains a whole, bearing a striking resemblance to the two groups in Rome and at the Louvre, representing Adrien and Sabine under the features of Mars and Venus.

Representations of all these works of art are now collected together around the newly-arrived statue; and the spectator, after having studied the arguments, can judge for himself concerning the merits of the different opinions advanced. "Whatever may be the success of M. Ravaissou's theory," says an enthusiastic French writer, "such attempts cannot fail to meet with approval. A curator of the Antiques of the Louvre, in an age like the present, when archaeology and criticism have made such noteworthy progress, ought to improve upon the functions of his predecessors, and exert his talents for the progress of artistic study. It is well that, by the side of the halls where the great original works remain intact, and under the shelter of restorations more or less legitimate, there should be other halls where, by ingenious comparisons, all that concerns them may be discussed."

Under such conditions, museums become true schools of æsthetic culture. The arrival at the Louvre of the Venus of Falerone, sister or grandmother of the Venus of Milo, and of her companions, variations of the same type is an innovation worthy of commendation in the history of this museum, whose vicissitudes are, in many respects, those of our intellectual and moral life.

Music and the Drama.

THE "beginning of the end" of the musical season of 1873-'74 makes it proper to say a word in regard to the work of one man, whose contributions to the enjoyment of musical people have justly come to be looked on as foremost in importance. It becomes the careful student of art-matters in America to speak of Mr. Theodore Thomas with something more than the words of careless approval, which greet other successful and skillful caterers in the field of public amusement. Amusements are, of course, justly to be regarded as governed by the same laws which regulate all the great marts of demand and supply. The average manager, or *impresario*, is justified in viewing his business very much as the dry-goods merchant does his more prosaic occupation. It is simply a question of what the people want and how to supply the want most effectively. Were any more disinterested motive to enter into the current catering for the amusement market, the results would not be on the whole encouraging. The shrewd business instinct, rather than lofty æsthetic taste or profound devotion to art, must be recognized as the dominant motive.

Yet, while no one is disposed to cast a stone at the trader in music for obeying the sound mercantile canons which generally underlie business success, the lover of art cannot repress a thrill of gratitude and admiration for an exhibition of high-minded and unselfish work, devoted to a noble end without regard to the seductions of mere money-making. Its very rarity brings out into stronger relief the beauty and purity of the purpose. To all who are familiar with the musical career of Mr. Theodore Thomas, there is naught but simple justice in according to him the splendid tribute of such a concession. Many a shrewd manager has accomplished more for himself pecuniarily in one or two seasons than has this gentleman during the whole of his career. Agassiz once said that, during the whole of his busy life, he had never found time to make money. Were Mr. Thomas to find words for his own motives, they would probably be similar to this.

If the foremost of our musical conductors has not yet found time merely to make money, he has accomplished one thing for which no ordinary wealth could be an adequate offset. He has built up for himself the great reputation of a purpose, which ignores every other consideration except an absolute devotion to art. In the hearts of all that sincerely love music, his name is honored as that of the man who has done more than any other in the United States to cultivate the taste of the people for the best and most elevating works of the great masters. The difficulty of the mission to which he has consecrated himself cannot be over-estimated. The mere work of drilling a great orchestra into such an admirable unity of purpose that it becomes a single sublime instrument is very great. The infinite patience, perseverance, tact, and technical skill, needed to harmonize so many diverse elements till they become the wheels and levers of a vast machine, governed by the motion of a simple baton, cannot be fully appreciated by the outsider. But we see the result, and can at least guess at the sustained energy and magnetism of will behind it. The further difficulties of educating the public taste up to an enjoyment of those forms of art which exact for their full understanding no little study and thought on the part of the

hearer, stamp the outcome of Mr. Thomas's work as still more remarkable. We know of no musical enterprise in the history of art which has been prosecuted under more discouraging difficulties, has had as its guiding motive a purpose more pure and noble, and has achieved such a powerful effect in so short a time. It is no reckless statement to affirm that the ardent labors of this one man have advanced the knowledge and love of music throughout the country by at least twenty years of progress beyond what they otherwise would have been.

The class of musical works to which Mr. Thomas has devoted himself has embodied the most robust and manly elements of thought and sentiment. The retroactive influence of German music on German character has shown itself in the most striking manner. Thoroughly masculine, even as Italian music is feminine, no one can go far amiss in seeing in its power an immense agency in the Teutonic development. It has sometimes been objected to the highest perfection of art, that it bears a close relation to something like national degeneracy and effeminacy. However true this may be in certain directions, the German school of music is singularly free from such a reproach. By instilling into the American mind a thorough love of this noble music, Mr. Thomas entitled himself to a high rank in the judgment of those who have the best interest of the country at heart. Mr. Thomas's art-campaign during the last season has been more than usually triumphant, and he has reason to congratulate himself on seeing so rich a harvest commencing to crown his efforts. The enthusiastic words of praise and admiration in the tender of a benefit by Mr. Wyman, the president of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, will find an echo generally in the hearts of thousands throughout the country.

The long-looked for "Monsieur Alphonse," by Alexandre Dumas, is now on Daly's stage. It hardly justifies the expectation entertained for it. It is certainly a good play, and, as modified for American audiences, a charming play; yet we were led to expect a drama of greater force and larger character. But, while it is very far from being a notable contribution to the dramatic literature of the age, it yet possesses sufficient interest and attractiveness to become popular. It has freshness and simplicity, if not power or depth. The story is based upon illicit relations of the sexes—that inevitable element in French comedy; but this element in Mr. Daly's version is refined and made proper. *Raymonde* has married *Captain Montagnin* without revealing to him an earlier connection with *Monsieur Octave*; this connection in the original is illicit; in Mr. Daly's version it is only irregular in not having been a perfected legal marriage. The fruit of this connection was a child, the existence of which had been kept secret. The story turns upon the efforts of *Raymonde* to keep her secret from her husband's knowledge, and the manoeuvres of *Monsieur Octave* to accomplish his marriage with a rich widow, which is threatened by a revelation of his former liaison with *Raymonde*. Here is very little story, but several effective situations are created by the dramatist, in which we have the contrite wife, revealing her guilt and deception to her husband, who magnanimously pardons her and adopts her daughter; and see the machinations of *Monsieur Octave*, alias *Alphonse*, thwarted by the quick-witted widow, upon whom he has designs. There is neither subtlety in the story, nor strong characterization in the persons of the drama; but there is freshness in the treatment, and sustained interest; as a

whole, it is a very perfect little drama. The mounting at Daly's is admirable, and the acting generally very good. Mr. Hardenburg, as an old sailor, gives a picture that could not be bettered by the shadow of a change; it is simply perfect. A young daughter of Matilda Heron, some ten or twelve years of age, exhibits in the part of the child *Adrienne* a surprising talent. Experience has taught us to distrust the future of prodigies, or otherwise we should predict a brilliant career for Bijou Heron. But, while admiring the grace, the sweetness, the unmistakable dramatic genius of the child, we can but regret to see a stage-career, with all its dangers, temptations, and hot-bed atmosphere, begun so young. The character in the play is prematurely wise; at ten years of age has learned to play a part—to conceal, to feign indifference, to be one thing to one person and one to another—all out of devotion to her mother, be it understood; but deceit, even for the ends of affection, is still deceit, and allows a premature williness that is painful to behold. How much of this premature cunning the little actress must learn and practise! Apart from these painful apprehensions, one can but admire the genuine and very touching genius exhibited by the daughter of one the world once admired and applauded.

The opening of the New Park Theatre was made the occasion of Mr. Charles Fechter's reintroduction to the New-York public, in the play of "Love's Penance," adapted by that gentleman from the French of "Le Médecin des Enfants." It is a matter of congratulation that there is at least one playwright who has the honesty not to claim a mere adaptation as an original production. The new drama hinges on the noble motive of paternal love, its interest growing out of the struggle between the real and putative fathers of the heroine, who knows not to the last that she is an illegitimate child. The complications arising from the passionate and devoted love of the true father, *Dr. Hartreck*, and the feelings of the nominal parent, *Count Becklaue*, who, animated at the outset by the fierce impulse of revenge and hatred, at last learns to love the young girl with a genuine but selfish affection, are managed with great skill in the construction of a story which is quite admirable for dramatic intensity, observance of the unities, and cumulative effects. As a plot, it is so cleanly cut and finished as almost to oppress one with a sense of artificiality. The dialogue is no less marked, by qualities of conciseness, energy, and strict subordination to the passion and sentiment. Every word has a definite relation to a purpose. "Love's Penance" is distinctively Gallie in its mode of treating the emotions, yet is quite free from the taint of impurity. The illicit relation to which we owe the origin of the heroine is redeemed by circumstances that make it rather a misfortune than a fault; and its dramatic value stands solely in the fact that it furnishes a consistent background for the dominant interest of a highly picturesque story.—The performance of Mr. Fechter in the rôle of *Dr. Hartreck* is stamped by most of the defects and all of the beauties which we habitually associate with his artistic method. The conception of a lofty paternal affection, crucified by the anguish of concealed relationship, makes a superb vehicle for the display of an emotional art which has no peer for its union of fire, pathos, and sweetness. Mr. Fechter's portraiture, though marred by the over-elaboration of detail and unwillingness to trust anything to the imagination of the audience, must be pronounced, on the whole, an exquisitely tender and touching impersonation.

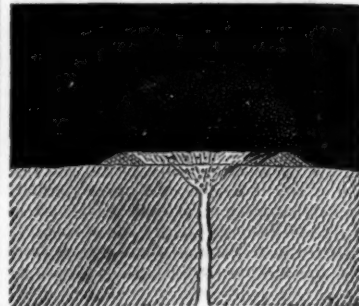
A new play has been produced in London entitled "Queen Mah," in which there is an attempt to exalt and glorify life in Bohemia, but not with marked success. "The author," says the *Academy*, "dreamed of a Bohemian woman who should be free not only from the conventionalities of *le monde*, but from the taint of *demi-monde*." "The story portrays," says the *Athenaeum*, "the adventures of a young lady who is, apparently, extracted from a novel by 'Ouida,' and placed in the midst of circumstances and conditions borrowed from the plays of Mr. Robertson. It is, we are informed, a first work. A tendency to imitation is not unnatural on the part of an untied writer. Mr. Godfrey is more successful, however, in copying the vices of his predecessors than their merits. His language has neither playfulness nor wit, and the tone of conversation adopted by his characters and the social habits in which they indulge are so unlike anything in real life as almost to overpass the bounds of caricature. His heroine, a Bohemian as she avows herself, lives with her uncle a fifth-rate actor, teaches herself to paint like a *Rosa Bonheur*, and employs the time not devoted to her profession in cooking her uncle's meals and insulting her lovers. The laws of Bohemia are not very definite, nor very well understood. There is, however, no world in which a young lady with any pretense to self-respect will allow a young officer to enter without knock or any form of announcement, bid him sit down and smoke, and then subject him to a running commentary composed of equal degrees of banter and insult. There is no world, we trust, in which a gentleman will speak of a woman as a vagabond whom he has the minute before asked to be his wife, or in which a baronet will accept for his eldest son a wife who comes to him on the arm of a suspicious acquaintance, and with a purse bulging with gains from the gambling-table."

"The American Lady" is the title of a new London play, by H. J. Byron. In this drama the author, according to the *Athenaeum*, "has sought to combat that English form of *chauvinisme* which asserts itself as the condemnation of all things American. He brings to England an American woman of a pronounced type, and betroths her to a young English aristocrat of average emptiness of head. Each, as a means of proving agreeable, points out the deficiencies of the other. A nasal accent is arrayed against an aristocratic mispronunciation of letters, and the caprices of American phraseology are shown to be equalled by the eccentricities of English slang. Meanwhile, extravagance is proved to concern externals only, and a good heart is shown to exist in each case." As regards the execution of the play, the *Athenaeum* says that it is "a mass of inconsistencies and improbabilities galvanized into life by its author's power of dialogue. As art, it is indefensible; as an attempt to interest and amuse the public, it is a triumph." The *Full Mail Gazette* thinks the story "a purely mechanical contrivance, bearing but the slightest resemblance to the events possible in real life in any condition of society, and so fitted with involvements and complications as to induce perplexity rather than interest. The characters are but conventional puppets, moved hither and thither, now made to assume this and now that attitude, in accordance with the exigencies of the author's plot. It must not be supposed, however, that the comedy is dull or unamusing to those who do not look to the stage for reflections of life and Nature." According to the *London Times*, the success of the play depends upon Mrs. John Wood's personation of the *American Lady*, the one bright figure in the picture. "The aptitude for smart debate, the acumen in matters of business, the strong sense of right, are admirably combined, and so perfectly are they realized by the actress that we doubt whether it is to her or to the author that the existence of *Georgina*, as we see her upon the stage, is mainly to be attributed."

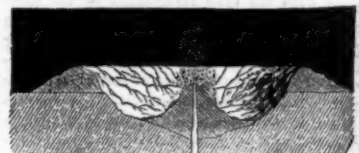
Hamburg has had the reputation of being a very musical city, yet a recent concert there would seem to indicate a curious inconsistency with this assumption. In the production of Niels Gade's cantata of "Comala," founded on Ossian, it was important to use a harp to interpret the music properly; but alas! no harp could be found in the city, and a piano had to be used.

Science and Invention.

THE observer viewing through a telescope the surface of the moon, will at once be attracted by the number, size, and especially the peculiar form of its external craters. Thanks to the skill of the optician and telescope-maker, the astronomer is enabled not only to determine their location, but also to measure their breadth and depth, and distinguish wherein they differ from the active and extinct craters on the earth. In the nomenclature of the lunar landscape, these objects are known as crateriform mountains, and are classed by



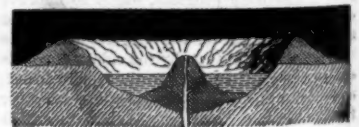
Webb into "walled or bulwarked plains, ring mountains, craters, and saucer-shaped depressions or pits." Having determined their location, measured their extent, and settled upon the names by which they should be known, the work of the astronomer, so far as his telescope can aid him, is finished, and the problem of their origin becomes the important question. Without entering upon an extended review of the various theories on this subject, we would direct attention to that ad-



vanced by Nasmyth and Carpenter, in their recent work on "The Moon considered as a Planet, a World, and a Satellite."

A reference to the accompanying illustrations will convey to the reader a just idea of the general form of these crateriform mountains, at the same time aiding toward a clearer conception of this theory as to their origin. In the last figure we have a sectional view of the crater as it now appears; that is, in a state of repose.

It is evident that a bird's-eye view of these



craters—that is, a view from the earth—would include a circular wall inclosing a flat plain, from the centre of which rises a cone-shaped eminence. Where the cone is absent, this is known as a walled plain; the illustrations convey so clear an idea as to the theory of the origin of these craters with cone-shaped centres, that a brief reference is only needed.

In the first figure we have the lunar volcano, after it has been in action sufficiently long

to lay the foundation of the circular wall, the material of this consisting of the *débris* thrown from the crater. It will be seen that so much of this lava-flood as is not thrown beyond the sloping side, must return to the crater's mouth, from which it is again projected, certain portions falling upon the top of the ring, or beyond it, and there remaining, laying the foundation for additional deposits, until, as in the case of "Copernicus"—one of the grandest craters—the summit of the wall is eleven thousand feet above the bottom, and the central mountain twenty-four hundred feet in height. As the force of the eruption decreases, the lava returns to the crater's mouth so rapidly as to finally choke it up or confine it to a narrower limit, forming about its edge a cone that grows in height and extent till finally, as shown in the last figure, the space between the central cone and the wall beyond assumes the general character of a plane. As the surface of the moon is now undisturbed and motionless, this theory of the craters must ever remain a mere hypothesis, though without question a reasonable one.

In a paper on "The Measurement of Physical Sensation," read before the Belgian Academy of Sciences, M. Plateau presents many novel and interesting facts. For instance, he finds that the judgment as to the intensity of light is not so vague as at first appears, as illustrated by a test case, the purpose of which may first be explained as follows: We say that an object is bright or dark gray, according as the sensation produced upon the eye is more or less than half of that which a pure white object would produce under the same conditions. In like manner we may produce shades between the light and the dark gray, until a point is reached where the sensation is just half of that produced by the pure white. It was in order to establish whether or not the eye alone might be depended upon to determine this middle point, that the following practical test was made: Eight persons engaged in painting, and accustomed to the examination of colors, were requested to produce an intermediate specimen of gray; that is, a shade holding the middle place between white and black, light and darkness. On placing these eight specimens side by side, they were found to be almost identical in appearance, thus proving that appreciation of the equality of two contrasts does not depend on a vague notion, but is evidently the result of some precise physical effect—the response of the optic nerve to the light ray being such as to render the physical measurement of the sensation highly probable.

With the method by which messages were reduced to microscopic size, and so transmitted by pigeons from Paris to London, our readers are familiar. By the aid of the camera and microscope, an ordinary letter-page in manuscript was so reduced as to occupy hardly more space than the dot over the letter *i*, and thus a whole "post" might be printed upon a sheet of tissue-paper, and so transmitted to its destination securely attached to the tail-feather of the carrier-pigeon. Although Necessity may lay just claim to this "pigeon-post," as one of her legitimate offspring, it seems likely that the idea will be adopted by the state as an auxiliary to the regular postal service. It is announced that a French engineer has proposed to reduce messages by the above method, and, by inclosing them in metallic spheres, to blow them through a tube under the Straits of Dover. Though the idea of using the tube and spheres for this particular purpose is novel, the use of spheres blown through tubes, and designed for

the conveyance of messages or merchandise, is an old one to Americans at least. Several years since certain of the New-York daily papers gave detailed descriptions of a plan embodying this idea, accompanying it with illustrations. "As nothing seems to have come of it, we are prone to believe that the plan was more feasible in theory than in practice, and shall therefore await with interest any further developments.

As the result of a series of experiments on the grafting of organs or tissues in the embryonic state on living animals, MM. Legros and Magitot were able to attain satisfactory results only where the animals belonged to the same zoological order. In certain of these experiments the dental follicle was taken from pups a few days old, and transferred to the jaws of other animals, both adult and young. The difficulty of securing a successful transfer, save where the subjects belonged to the same zoological order, seems to have been overcome by Dr. Brown-Séquard, who, in a recent lecture says: "I once engrafted the tail of a cat in a cock's comb. A few days after it was evident, by pricking the tail, that blood was circulating in it." As the theory deduced from the facts obtained of MM. Legros and Magitot, would be naturally anticipated from known analogies between the various phenomena of vegetable and animal life, these experiments will certainly be soon verified or disproved by other observers.

Professor Tyndall, in a recent lecture on "Liquids," delivered before the Royal Institute, illustrated the effect of friction in checking the flow of liquids, by a fact obtained from Captain Shaw, head of the London Fire Department. This gentleman stated that a scratch along the inner wall of the delivery-nozzle of a fire-engine was sufficient to reduce the throwing power from three hundred to one hundred and fifty feet.

In a series of valuable practical notes on the care and nursing of children, appearing in the *Sanitarian*, Dr. Walker expresses the following views regarding the use of certain artificial foods: "The so-called 'prepared foods,' with their flaming advertisements and testimonials, oftentimes spurious, and accompanied, as in one instance, by the picture of a wonderful baby 'brought up entirely on this and no other food'—all of these originate in a desire to meet the wants of children deprived of mother's milk, and often stand in the way of the mother's duty of nursing. The country is flooded with them. Some are harmless, many dangerous, and a few useful. The thoughtless indorsement of physicians is sadly to be deplored. A perfect substitute for mother's milk has never yet been made, and I doubt whether it ever will be. An exact analogy in solid and fluid constituents cannot take the place of human milk with its inherent, unexplainable, life-giving principle."

From a notice of Lieutenant Wheeler's Territorial Survey, we learn that already about seventy-six thousand square miles of territory have been carefully gone over and topographed with a view to their representation in the new series of index-maps now nearly ready for publication. Much valuable information in regard to the geology of the country, its mining facilities, and the probabilities of successful irrigation, has been obtained, and will be duly published. In the line of natural history the collections have been very large, embracing at least twelve hundred skins of birds, besides many hundreds of reptiles, fish, insects, etc. The botanical collection is said to be the finest and largest ever procured by a government expedition. The results of the work of the expedition for the years 1871, 1872, and 1873, are, we understand, shortly to be published, comprising seven large quarto volumes, which will prove a valuable addition to the scientific history of the great West.

In one of his Boston lectures, Dr. Brown-Séquard gives the following simple means for checking coughing, sneezing, etc.: "Coughing can be stopped by pressing on the nerves of the lip in the neighborhood of the nose. A pressure there may prevent a cough when it is beginning. Sneezing may be stopped by the same mechanism. Pressing, also, in the neighborhood of the ear, right in front of the ear, may stop coughing. It is so, also, of hiccough, but much less so than for sneezing or coughing. Pressing very hard on the top of the mouth, inside, is also a means of stopping coughing. And I may say that the will has immense power there. There was a French soldier who used to say, whenever he entered the wards of his hospital, 'The first patient who coughs here will be deprived of food to-day.' It was exceedingly rare that a patient coughed then."

The English Mechanic, describing the smallest engine in the world, the property of Mr. John Penn, of Greenwich, states that "it will stand on a three-penny-piece—the base-plate measuring only three-eighths by three-tenths of an inch. Some of the parts are so small that a magnifying-glass is required to see their shape. The weight of the model is less than that of a three-penny-piece."

Contemporary Sayings.

THE *Spectator*, discussing "the affection of animals for man," says that the power of loving is a kind of germinal power of resembling, and concludes that "there is nothing more mysterious than the unsolicited and uncriticising love of an inferior creature; so there is nothing which leaves a more distinct impression of the divine origin of creation on the mind. If a dumb creature can find no satisfaction but in the society of man, though it does not know in what man is superior to it, and feels our authority without feeling our fitness for it, there can hardly be superstition in the human feeling which in the same manner insists on a like tie to God. The gratitude which domesticated animals feel to those who have enlarged their powers by a kind of education, is a curious anticipation of human gratitude for the education which theologians call probation, and politicians the law of progress. That the affection no less than the intelligence of the lower animals points to something far beyond their present grade, and that the pity and delight with which this affection is returned have so softening and humanising an influence upon man, is surely a sufficient reason for admitting that civilisation should include in its scope a much larger society than that of human beings."

The *Boston Courier* is of opinion that the sudden and direful fate of Ananias and Sapphira did not cure the world of lying, and doubts whether the people of Jerusalem remembered the sin and the punishment of the mendacious husband and wife more than a week. "The prevalence of lying may be attributed in a great degree to the fact that those who indulge in it have little fear of detection if they lie boldly; and it therefore follows that any device for lessening this impunity would do much to eradicate the troublesome vice." These remarks are pertinent to a means adopted by one Dr. Williams for detecting a liar; he placed his finger on a boy's wrist who was asserting his innocence of an accusation, and said, "Young man, you are lying! You have not uttered one word of truth about this matter! Your pulse is running as high as one hundred and forty, and no person enjoying good health and telling the truth would have as rapid pulsation as that." The boy confessed his guilt.

"May we express a fervent hope," says "Free Lance" in *London Society*, "that we shall not hear any more about the decline of the drama for some time to come? If we were to believe all that we are told about the palmy era of the stage, and Kemble, and Siddons, and the histrionic giants generally that existed in those days, we should seriously set ourselves thinking: 'What on earth does it all mean? Did the theatre then afford, really and truly, a more intellectual luxury than it does now? Did the actors and actresses of old

times really and truly possess far greater genius and dramatic talent generally than their successors exhibit in our times? It is impossible to repress a conviction that it was the rarity of the article that then enhanced its merit, not its intrinsic value, and that competition and free-trade compel us to hold more cheaply the art which, say a century ago and something less, was professed by comparatively few persons, and was considered as an almost abnormal profession."

The *Tribune*, writing on cremation and the arguments used in its behalf, says: "We have no wish to ridicule our friends or their efforts; we only suggest that they have gone the wrong way to work. Whether cremation be the most civilized, rational, or healthful way of disposing of the dead, and the most tender to the feelings of the living, is yet open to argument, and depends very much, in fact, upon the manner in which it is done. Weakness or not, it is an indisputable fact on which the success or defeat of their effort, after all, depends, and they should recognize and treat it with respect. They will hardly persuade a husband, for instance, to give them the body of his wife by asking for it as a rotten carcass, or induce the mother to part with the babe that has lain in her bosom on the consideration that it is needed for manure."

Madame Hyacinthe-Loyson, writing of the "liquor-crusade," thinks that the "great American malady is the malady of the stomach. Conscientious people become dyspeptics; non-conscientious people become drinkers. Bear in mind this fact, that the appetite for drink is not necessarily made by drinking, but in nine cases out of ten it is created and cultivated at your tables—in your children—by the use of coffee, tea, pepper, pickles, mustard, spices, too much salt, hot bread and pastry, raw meat and grease, and, above all, by the use of tobacco. The cry of a depraved appetite, an inflamed stomach, is always for something stronger. The use of soup, milk, and salad, prepared with good oil, should be cultivated. In short, reform your tables if you would reform your drunkards and save your sons."

"We have observed," says the "Town Crier," in the *San Francisco News-Letter*, "a great many pretty girls—for which choice morsels of Nature's bounty we have a goodly eye—going about town in an odd-looking hat, which gave them the appearance of being very much set up. One who knows calls it a Neilson hat. Since that time we have been Neilsonized in every possible way. We write upon Neilson paper with the Neilson tint. We are serenaded with the Neilson mazurka. We render ourselves irresistible with a Neilson tie. We fasten our garters with the improved Neilson hook. We keep ourselves together with Neilson braces. We smooth our locks with the Neilson brush. We protect ourselves from the fog with the Neilson scarf."

A correspondent writes to the *Boston Traveller* asking "if 'sundown' is an 'Americanism.'" "Certainly it is not," replies the *Traveller*, "for it is to be found in the writings of British authors who flourished before American books were produced at home, much less read abroad. It is not so good a word as 'sunset,' to our thinking, but it is English, if English use of the word can make it English. Sir Walter Scott employs it often, and though he was not an Englishman he wrote for the English-reading world; and though it might be said that his use of it does not show it to be English, it certainly does show it not to be an 'Americanism.' It may be a 'Scotticism.'"

"With all their drawbacks and irritations," says the *Tribune*, "the spring months never pretended to have any word to recommend them but their notice of the coming of warmer days and kinder skies. We should rob life of half its enjoyments if we insisted on seeing the core of things as we go along. The robin, for example, is only a fancy, an anticipation of something else to come. Personally, he is a nuisance; gastronomically, he is a very indifferent bird; nevertheless, poets have glorified him always, and his associations are chiefly æsthetic and sentimental. For this he is tolerated—even welcomed."

"A given poem," the *Saturday Review* remarks, "makes one man yawn, another laugh, and a third

cry. Which is right? Some people reply that all are right, and that therefore all criticism is merely a record of personal impressions. We should entirely deny the accuracy of this conclusion, and maintain that the difference in the intellectual power, in the truthfulness of perception, and in the power of expression of different poets, is just as much a real quantity as the difference of weight between the coxswain and the rowers in a university crew."

Henry Bergh tells us that muzzling dogs "only tends to the creation of the very difficulty which it seeks to prevent. The dog perspires through his mouth, as his skin has no pores. Stop or impede this, and a fundamental law of Nature is violated. Not one mad dog out of ten thousand is affected with hydrophobia; and the 'madness' complained of is generally the result of fright and cruel treatment of the animal; such as would drive a human being mad also if practised on him."

Bayard Taylor, writing to the *Tribune* on Italian winters, says: "At Florence there was a rough edge to every wind. Rome seemed a little milder, but it was a city of catarrhs and rheumatisms—of treacherous warmth on the southern side of its old walls, and of refrigerating churches and art-galleries. Unless the air is mild in shadow, you must be constantly on your guard. A cold here is not only worse than elsewhere, but much more difficult to cure."

"It were better for woman," exclaims Junius Henri Browne, in his article in the *Galaxy*, on "Women as Women." "If love were less to her, but, ultimately, she who has held love highest and firmest must be the richest reaper. To lose faith in love is to despair of humanity. Whatever there be of immortality must spring from love, which is creative, and hence continuous."

The *Saturday Review*, writing about women's work, says: "If the public could be aware of the very small proportion which the published matter bears to the vast quantities of manuscript never destined to be translated into print, they would have a startling revelation of the strength of the feminine desire for employment."

"The reverence which a man feels for a doctrine," says the *Saturday Review*, "disinclines him to examine its truth; and, if he has no reverence for it, he cannot appreciate its full meaning."

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

APRIL 9.—Report from Spain that Marshal Serrano will return to Madrid, and General de la Concha succeed him in command of the forces operating against the Carlists.

Terrible steam-boiler explosion in a factory near Glasgow; part of the boiler thrown into a school-house, and three children killed and many injured. Boilers of the Polar steamer *Tigress* burst, near St. Johns, N. F.; twenty-two men killed and others injured.

Death, at Syracuse, N. Y., of William D. Stewart, ex-mayor of the city.

APRIL 10.—Advices from London that Sir John Karslake has resigned the attorney-generalship on account of illness. Sir Richard Baggeallay will succeed him.

Advices that the famine in Bengal is everywhere under control.

Death of Baron Somerset, Lord Dunkellin, the Marquis of Clanricarde; aged seventy-two years.

APRIL 11.—Serious crevasses in the Mississippi levee, fifty miles above New Orleans, are reported. Death, at Tarrytown, N. Y., of General Henry Storms, aged seventy-nine.

APRIL 12.—Advices from Pedro Abanto that Marshal Serrano has made proposals for a settlement, which the Carlists rejected.

Advices of the death, at London, March 27th, of General Sir W. H. Elliot, aged eighty-two; and of Albert May, eminent archaeologist, aged sixty-nine.

Advices that the military force of Hawaii, Sandwich Islands, has been reorganized. The new ministry contemplate issuing a large amount of paper currency.

APRIL 12.—Issue, by the French Government, of a circular prohibiting attacks by newspapers upon the establishment of the "Septennat," and declaring President MacMahon's powers incontestable.

Advices that the Carlist force before Gerona has

retired, the authorities having paid them one hundred thousand reals to desist from blockading the city.

Report that the Bishop of Pernambuco has been pardoned by the Brazilian Government.

The Upper House of the Australian Reichsrath has passed the ecclesiastical bills, and the bishops have withdrawn.

Death, at New York, of James Bogardus, an eminent American scientist and inventor, aged seventy-four.

APRIL 14.—The Atlantic cable of 1866 broken about twenty-five miles from Valentia, by recent storms off the Irish coast.

Advices from Australia: A shock of earthquake felt on March 13th. The intercolonial difficulty between Sydney and Victoria not settled, and inland free trade across the boundary suspended.

The Mississippi still rising at New Orleans; the water over the levees in the upper part of the city.

Death, at New York, of Joseph Barber, known as "The Disabled Volunteer;" aged sixty-six.

Steamer *L'Amérique*, of the Transatlantic Company, which left New York April 4th, abandoned during a violent gale off the coast of Brittany; all on board saved by vessels at hand, except second officer. Vessel afterward found by steamers *Spray* and *F. T. Barry*, and towed into Plymouth Harbor.

APRIL 15.—Explosion in a coal-mine near Dun-kinfield, Lancashire, England; fifty-three persons killed and many wounded.

Remains of the traveller, David Livingstone, arrive in London.

Archbishop Ledochowski, of Posen, found guilty, at Berlin, of violation of the Prussian ecclesiastical laws; sentenced in contumacious, and dismissed from his see.

Tow-boat *Jay Richards* capsized on the Mississippi, below New Orleans, and thirteen laborers drowned.

Officer and seaman of the Cunard steamer *Atlas*, which sailed from Boston April 4th, washed overboard during a heavy gale.

APRIL 16.—Death, at Elizabeth, N. J., of Rev. Thomas Carlton, D. D., of the Methodist Book Concern.

Notices.

TEN YEARS OLD.—Ten years ago, the first day of April, 1874, the TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY issued its first policy. Since then it has written over three hundred thousand accident policies, and continues to write them at the average rate of one hundred per day. It has paid the claims of its accident policy-holders to the number of nearly twenty thousand, and disbursed among them about two millions in cash. It has also written eighteen thousand five hundred full life policies, and occupies an honorable rank among sound and progressive American life companies.

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